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The Mercury

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established on June 17, 1874, and is now in its one hundred and forty-ninth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It has a large weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Handling so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

Local Matters.

The MERCURY ALMANAC for 1917 is now being compiled, and as usual will be a work of art, of especial value to all present and former Newporters. All the compilations are made especially for the latitude and longitude of Newport, wherein they differ from many Almanacs that are received here from out of the city that are compiled for Chicago or Denver or San Francisco and are utterly unreliable for this locality. The MERCURY ALMANAC will be ready for distribution on January 1st as usual.

The City Election.

The city election will take place next Tuesday, and considerable activity is being manifested in behalf of the candidates for mayor and for board of aldermen. With these exceptions there is little interest in the campaign, as there is no contest for any place on the school committee and comparatively few contests for the representative council.

A large committee has been formed to promote the cause of Senator Clark Burdick for mayor. A meeting of volunteer workers was held on Monday evening, when a committee was organized with William R. Harvey as chairman, Edward A. Sherman as secretary and Max Levy as treasurer. The executive committee will consist of the officers and one member from each ward—Fletcher W. Lawton, Benjamin F. Tanner, James P. Cozzens, J. Henry Rutter and Andrew S. Meikle. A campaign slogan, "Ability and Experience," was adopted and much enthusiasm was manifested.

The members of the executive committee are organizing large ward committees to assist in the work, the following having been asked to serve:

Ward One—Harold P. Arnold, William MacLeod, Armstead Hurley, Benjamin Gerbeville, George W. Bachelier, Jr., Thomas E. Sherman, Seditte E. Williams, Charles F. Childs, William F. Tripp, Lars Larsen, George S. Gilliam, Herbert C. Lawton, Franklin P. James.

Ward Two—Benjamin F. Downing, 3rd, George W. Ritchie, Robert Brooks, William H. Jackson, Thomas L. Jenkins, Sydney D. Harvey, Harold A. Peckham, J. T. Delano, Jr., Nathan David, J. Alton Barker, Joseph G. Landers, Abner L. Slocum, Joseph Gibson, Allen G. Goddard.

Ward Three—Robert S. Burlingame, Herbert Bliss, George B. Austin, George N. Buckhout, Vincent M. P. Pinto, Harry Tennant, W. Carlington Walter, Charles A. Brackett, Thomas J. Hare Powell, Fred P. Lee, Frank P. King, William P. Buffum, Francis G. Wilbur.

Ward Four—John Urquhart, John T. Allan, Robert W. Wilkie, Frank S. Pember, Anthony M. Marolda, James E. A. Rodda, Alexander MacLellan, Alex. Fraser, Henry A. Curtis, P. P. S. Hale, John H. Brierley, Dudley P. Bachelier, Robert McIntosh, John Ross.

Ward Five—William H. Potter, John Mahan, Lars Johnson, James McLeish, Joseph Hall, Charles Exarby, James Matson, A. Livingston Mason, Walter Nicholson, James Brown, William Matson, Kenneth McLeish, Edward Wilson, Adolph Johnson.

Dr. David E. Flynn, the other candidate for mayor, has resorted to the time-honored "cart-tail" for his campaigning, and promises to wake things up before the fight is over.

The candidates for the board of aldermen are largely depending upon personal work, and most of them are circulating about the city persistently in a personal canvass of the voters. Window cards have appeared with pictures of the several candidates as usual.

Not much is being said about the proposition for the extension of the high school, but it is expected that a large vote will be cast and the result is likely to be very close.

Representative Council.

The session of the representative council on Friday evening of last week was rather interesting, there being considerable debate upon a number of the important questions that came up. The salaries of the mayor and aldermen were fixed at the same amounts as this year, although a motion was made to reduce them. The council voted to put the High School proposition on the ballot at the December election, but there was some opposition to this. The attendance was about the largest at any meeting of the council with the exception of the annual meeting for election of city officers, there being but nine absentees.

A resolution was presented fixing the salaries of the Mayor and board of aldermen at \$1800 and \$500 respectively as at present. Ex-Mayor Garretson moved to make the salary of Mayor \$1200 and of the aldermen \$250, urging the necessity for cutting down expenses. Dr. Brackett seconded the motion and also considered it desirable to have an accounting for the extra \$500 that is allowed the Mayor for purposes of entertainment. The motion for the smaller salaries was defeated and the amounts were then fixed at the present figures.

A communication was received from the board of aldermen calling attention to some additional appropriations needed, and also recommending that steps be taken to secure the Congdon lot on Broadway for park purposes in order to prevent the erection of a garage there. The communication was accompanied by the report of the aldermanic committee that had investigated this matter.

A resolution was then passed directing the city solicitor to appear before the General Assembly and secure the passage of an act allowing the city of Newport to secure the Congdon land for park purposes.

A resolution was adopted making an additional appropriation of \$1000 for council and aldermen. Resolutions were adopted making transfers of various amounts from different items in the police and fire department budget so that they can be used for other purposes.

The next item was the communication from the school committee, accompanied by a resolution directing that the proposition to appropriate \$355,000 for High School extension be placed on the ballot at the December election. Dr. Beck asked if the extension could not be postponed for a few years, when a large amount of money might be saved when the cost of building is lower than at present. Mr. Garretson spoke of the great overhead expense that would be entailed by this expenditure and asked if the out-of-town pupils pay enough tuition to meet the expenses. Superintendent Lull then took the floor and went into the various suggestions that had been made to meet the present conditions without a new building. He pointed out many defects in the two-session plan, and did not think that the council chamber in the City Hall would prove of value except to meet a sudden emergency. He said that the out-of-town pupils now pay \$75 a year tuition which is based on running and overhead expenses but not on depreciation. A vote on the resolution was then taken and the proposition was ordered placed on the ballot.

The ordinance covering admissions to the Henderson Home for Aged Men was amended by striking out the requirement for applicants for admission to have been residents of Newport for the five years "next preceding" their applications, so that the board may admit a former Newporter who has lived away.

A number of transfers of appropriations in the highway department budget were changed to other items at the request of the street commissioner, but not until after Councilman Mally had arraigned the management of the department this year. The Park Commission and the Recreation Commission also had a few transfers granted.

A communication was received from Admiral Knight expressing his thanks for the improvements to Training Station road. On recommendation of the assessors of taxes, Daniel Roach and Benjamin Carter were given leave to withdraw their petitions for remission of taxes. A resolution was adopted making an appropriation of \$125 for extension of the sewer in Bliss road. A large number of petitions for street improvement, new sidewalks, street lights, sewers, etc., were referred to the representative council for 1917 so that they may go before the next committee of 25.

The session lasted for about an hour and a half.

Mrs. Sidney Jones Colford, who died at her New York residence last Saturday, was well known in Newport where she had lived the greater part of her life. She was a sister of Mrs. W. McCarty Little and of Mr. Edward Chartrand. She is survived by her husband, one son and one daughter.

Liquor Licenses Granted.

Late last week the board of license commissioners acted upon the applications for liquor licenses for the year beginning December 1st. Much interest was taken in this meeting as Admiral Knight, the commandant of the Narragansett Bay Naval District, and others had made strong protests against the granting of any licenses on Market square. However, the board decided to issue licenses to the two present holders, Charles Ritt and John C. Attwater, with the understanding that no applications for the square for the following year would be considered and also that the licensees would make every endeavor to find some other location at once. This action by the board was a great disappointment to Admiral Knight, and he had begun preparations for the erection of a strong fence to shut off all communication between the Government Landing and Market square. This would work considerable hardship to many civilian employees who have been accustomed to use the square as a means of approach to the Government Landing. However after a talk with Chairman Mchan of the license commission, work on the fence has been stopped pending further changes.

The license commission granted licenses to all the present holders, wholesale and retail, with the exception of the wholesale license of Patrick H. Horgan, whose application was laid on the table, with the probability that it will be granted later. All the applications for new licenses were refused, the board being opposed to any increase, although under the last State census they would be enabled to grant new licenses if they were so disposed. In all the board granted eight wholesale licenses, 45 retail, three special summer, and nine club licenses. Under the 1915 census, which gives the city of Newport 30,472 inhabitants, the board would be empowered to grant sixty retail licenses.

The retail licenses are distributed through the city as follows: Thames street 18, Long wharf 8, West Broadway 5, Market square 2, Levin street 2, and the following streets one each, Prospect Hill, West Pelham, Pelham, Toure, Spring, Washington square, William, State, West Marlboro, and Middleton avenue.

There are three wholesale establishments on Thames street, two each on Washington square and West Pelham street, and one on Commercial wharf. It is understood that Robert J. Martin, who made application for a license at 189 Thames street, is negotiating for the purchase of the establishment of Patrick Nolan and Son on William street.

Mr. Wallace R. Brown appeared at the Bristol High School at the opening of the session on Monday and informed the Superintendent of Schools that he was ready to resume his duties as principal. He was handed a letter from the committee, stating that he was relieved of his duties until further notice by the committee. Mr. Brown immediately left the building, as he was recognized as principal following the decision of Commissioner Ranger which exonerated him.

To show the delay in shipping manufactured articles at the present time, the job printing department of the MERCURY Office has this week installed a small individual motor for one of the presses, the order for which was placed on August 1st. The motor was a regular stock pattern and was received in Newport sixteen weeks after the order was placed.

Colonel William E. Craigbill, U. S. A., the engineer officer in charge of the Boston district and who had supervision of the Narragansett Bay district since the detachment of Colonel Mills, died in Washington on Sunday after a short illness. He was a distinguished officer and was highly esteemed throughout the service.

A committee from the board of aldermen will meet with Mr. E. von Horat Koch on Tuesday morning to complete details for the placing of the memorial monument to the late Alfred G. Vanderbilt, which will be located on Broadway near Lake's Corner.

Professor G. M. de Calmontier has resigned as bandmaster of the Municipal Band after several years of service. His classes and other interests in Providence and other cities up the State will prevent his coming to Newport regularly.

Mr. Thomas H. Clarke, formerly superintendent of schools in Newport, observed his eighty-second birthday on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. C. Taylor have closed their Newport residence and returned to New York for the winter.

The remains of Dr. John J. Mason were brought from New York and interred in the Island cemetery on Monday.

Recent Deaths.

Dr. George D. Ramsay.

Dr. George D. Ramsay, one of the best known physicians of the city and for a number of years a member of the Newport Board of Health, died on Monday after having been confined to his home for some time. In the spring he suffered an attack of pneumonia, which left him in a weakened condition so that he was unable to resist the ravages of a complication of diseases which developed a few weeks ago. He was confined to his house for a time in October but seemed to improve and was able to be out of doors for a short time, going to the polls to vote at the State election. Since that time he had failed steadily and it was realized for some time that his condition was serious. The death of his intimate friend and fellow physician, Dr. Darrah, whom he attended in his last sickness, was a great blow to Dr. Ramsay, and this was followed by the death of his brother, Major William Ramsay, a few weeks ago.

Dr. Ramsay was a descendant of a prominent colonial family and was born in New York City on May 28, 1863, a son of Lieutenant Colonel Joseph G. Ramsay. He was graduated from the University of Virginia and received his degree of M. D. from Tulane University in Louisiana. During the Spanish War he served as Surgeon of Volunteers, and was assigned to duty at Fort Adams. After the close of the war, he settled in Newport and started practice here. He had been a member of the local board of health since 1905, during a part of that time serving as secretary of the board. He was a trustee of the Rhode Island Institute for the Deaf, and had been a member of the representative council.

Dr. Ramsay was greatly interested in Masonry, being a member of all the local branches of the order. He was an active member of Newport Lodge of Elks and of Redwood Lodge, Knights of Pythias. He was a member of the Newport Medical Society. He took an active interest in politics, having been for a number of years a member of the Democratic city committee and was at one time the Democratic nominee for State Senator.

Rev. Stanley C. Hughes conducted a short service at the house on Tuesday afternoon, after which the remains were placed in a receiving vault temporarily. The body was taken to Boston on Wednesday for cremation, and the ashes were removed to Washington for interment in the Arlington Cemetery.

George H. Richardson.

Mr. George H. Richardson, one of the most active officers of the Newport Historical Society, of which he had been corresponding secretary for many years, died quite suddenly at his home on Whitfield Court on Thursday morning. He was in his seventy-eighth year and had been in excellent health until a few days before his death, when hardening of the arteries developed. Besides a widow he leaves one son, Mr. George Richardson of Boston, and two daughters, Mrs. William B. Lawton and Miss Olivia Richardson.

Mr. Richardson was a life-long Newporter and was familiar with much of the earlier history of the city. He formerly worked at his trade as carpenter, but of late years had retired from active work, devoting a large part of his time to the work of the Historical Society. While the re-formation of the Society was in process of erection he was on the ground personally a large part of the time and looked after the interests of the organization as closely as if he were a highly paid architect. His death comes as a severe blow to his many friends and he will be greatly missed at the rooms of the Society.

Mr. Fletcher W. Lawton, member of the General Assembly from the first Representative District of Newport, and Miss Mary Ellen des Roches of Prince Edward Island, a graduate of the Newport Hospital Training School for Nurses, were quietly married at St. Joseph's Rectory on Thursday evening, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Edward A. Higney. The bride was attended by Mrs. Michael H. Dynah, while Mr. Thomas S. Lane was the best man.

The December session of the Superior Court for Newport County will open on Monday. There are many cases assigned for trial at this term and the criminal docket will probably be quite a long one. The man who was caught some weeks ago after an alleged attempt to steal a tray of jewelry from Herrmann's Jewelry Store may go to trial at this term, and the police think that they have traced his former record pretty well.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Widener have rented the Thaw villa, "Beachmont," on Bellevue avenue, for the season of 1917. It was rumored a few weeks ago that they had purchased the Bellevue avenue estate of the late I. Townsend Burden, "Fairlawn."

Thanksgiving Day.

Thursday was about as disagreeable a day for Thanksgiving as we often experience, but even in spite of this fact and in spite of the high cost of turkeys most people managed to pass an enjoyable day. There were many family reunions, when sons and daughters returned from schools and colleges to spend the holiday.

The morning services in the churches were held as usual services. There was a service at the Channing Memorial Church, which was shared by the First, Second, Mt. Olivet and Shiloh Baptist, United and Union Congregational, First, Thames Street, Mt. Zion and Swedish Methodist Episcopal, and the First Presbyterian Churches. Rev. Nathaniel G. Sproul delivered the sermon. The Episcopal Churches joined in a union service at Emmanuel, where Rev. Robert Bachman, of St. Paul's Church, Portsmouth, delivered the sermon.

The annual Thanksgiving Day dinner by Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt to the news and messenger boys of the city was served at Masonic Hall in the afternoon and as usual was a great success. More than 300 boys went away with an abundant supply of food tucked under their belts. The dinner was under the direction of Mrs. T. Fred Kaul as usual.

Most of the out-of-door sports scheduled for the day had to be entirely abandoned because of the exceedingly disagreeable weather.

M-moral or Temperance Leaders.

An interesting memorial service for the late Ara Hildreth and the late William S. Brownell, two life-long temperance workers, was held at the First Baptist John Clarke Memorial church on Tuesday evening under the auspices of the Sons of Temperance and the Cadets of Temperance. Worthy Patron Horatio B. Wood presided and there was a large attendance of relatives and friends. Brief addresses of a eulogistic nature were made by Rev. Stanley C. Hughes, Mr. T. T. Pitman, Rev. William Safford Jones, Rev. J. Andrew Jones, Mr. William O. Glazier, Rev. Richard Arnold Greene, and others. A pleasing program of music was rendered during the evening.

Board of Aldermen.

The weekly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Wednesday evening this week, the regular meeting night being a holiday. Alderman Hanley, president of the board, presided in the absence of Mayor Boyle, who has been confined to his home by illness.

Mr. Henry J. Hass presented another claim for damages to his wagon, which was struck by the fire apparatus. His claim this time is based on the fact that the street was in a slippery and dangerous condition. His first claim, which he was given leave to withdraw, was based on the charge of reckless driving by the chauffeur. Bids were opened for the heating apparatus for the new boiler house but no contract was awarded for the work.

The annual memorial service or "Lodge of Sorrow" by Newport Lodge, No. 104, B. P. O. Elks, will be held at the Colonial Theatre to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon at 3.30 o'clock. An interesting program of music and addresses has been arranged under the direction of the officers of the Lodge. Vocal music will be furnished by the Bay State Quartette of Boston, all male voices. Rev. Matthew C. Gleason, Chaplain at the Naval Training Station, will deliver the address, and Past Exalted Ruler J. William Clarke of New London will deliver the Memorial oration.

Chief Kirwin of the Newport Fire Department has issued a new order relative to the sounding of an alarm from headquarters. When a telephone call for the department comes in, headquarters is to telephone to the companies that respond notifying them of the exact locality before sounding the alarm. This of course will not apply in cases where the box is pulled from the street.

Mrs. Henry Pierrepont Perry of New York and Newport has instituted divorce proceedings in the New York courts against her husband. Both are well known in Newport, Mrs. Perry being a granddaughter of the late James B. Haggins. Mr. and Mrs. Perry have occupied a villa on LeRoy avenue for a number of seasons.

Mackenzie & Winslow are making extensive improvements to the Barker block on Broadway which they purchased a few months ago. The building will be brought out to a line square with the street and will be entirely renovated inside.

Aquidneck Chapter, No. 7, Order of the Eastern Star, will give the first of a series of afternoon whists in St. Paul's Parlor next Thursday afternoon.

MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The monthly meeting of the Women's Home Missionary Society was made an open date on Tuesday and members of the Newport societies were invited to meet Mrs. Jerome Greer of Centerville, the secretary of the young people's branch of the New England Southern Conference, at the parlors of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Mrs. Fred P. Webber, the president, was in charge and Mrs. Walter P. Buck, the conference president, conducted the opening devotions, introducing also the speaker. A general survey of the various departments of the work was presented also, an account given of the annual meeting held at Columbus, Mrs. Buck also gave an account of the recent Convention which she attended at New London. Mrs. Webber's two little daughters, Carolyn and Ruth, who belong to the "Mother's Jewels Band," received much applause for their vocal duet, "Little Stars."

Mrs. Isaac Peabody and Mrs. Elisha A. Peckham acted as hostesses, serving tea and fancy wafers at the close of the meeting. The various rooms were ornamented with sprays of green pine among which were a profusion of red berries. A large silk American flag and the Christian flag made an effective decoration at the head of the large Sunday School room. The decorations were arranged by Mrs. Buck and Mrs. Peckham.

DAMAGE BY FIRE.

Mr. James H. Barker of Paradise avenue lost three stacks of oat straw and his threshing machine on Monday when the machine caught fire from having become overheated. The tractor, which was operating the thrasher, was detached in time to be saved. One unthreshed stack escaped the flames not having been in the direct path of the heavy wind. The most of the oats had fortunately been taken home. It was thought that if the foreman had not been absent the accident might not have occurred but he had been obliged to go home to have a bad wound on his hand dressed, and the men in charge were inexperienced. Mr. Barker was in Newport at the time. The stacks were located on Green End avenue opposite Turner's Road.

State Master and Mrs. Joseph A. Peckham, Mr. Walter Sherman, and Mr. William S. Slocum, have returned from Washington where they attended the 50th annual session of the National Grange.

OLIPHANT CLUB.

The Oliphant Club spent the day on Friday last at Holy Cross Guild House in working for the Red Cross Society, a basket lunch having been served at noon. The committee in charge of the Red Cross Christmas seals sold their first five hundred at once, and have partially sold their second order of another five hundred. Mrs. Arthur R. Anthony represented Middletown and Mrs. John H. Coggeshall, Portsmouth. No meetings of either the Oliphant or the Paradise Clubs will be held this week owing to the Thanksgiving holidays. The next meeting of the Paradise Club will be held Wednesday with Mrs. Robert W. Smith, Aquidneck avenue, Mrs. Elisha A. Peckham presenting the afternoon's subject, "Chinese Rugs." The Oliphant Club will hold an all-day meeting on December 8th with the president, Mrs. Kate Bailey, when work will be continued for the Red Cross.

PASTOR TO RETIRE.

The announcement of the contemplated retirement of the pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, Rev. Walter P. Buck, at the close of the conference year next April, came as a most unexpected surprise to all in the parish. Mr. Buck stated that his health had been poor for some time, and it seemed advisable for him to give up active work. He has had this step under consideration for some time and thought it well to give the Church ample time to look for a new pastor. He will have completed in April his 39 years of active service in the ministry. Following the sermon, Rev. Paul G. Daniels, vice president of the Jenkins Orphanage, Charleston, S. C., spoke at length upon the work being accomplished for colored children through that institution and of its needs.

Rev. Lalta Grissold of New York, a former rector, will be the preacher on Sunday morning next at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel. A special service was held on Thanksgiving Day.

Owing to the heavy downpour last Thursday evening no meeting was held of Aquidneck Grange as there were only 12 present.

The marriage of Miss Dorothy MacKay, youngest daughter of Mrs. H. Godwin MacKay, to Lieutenant Earl H. Metzger, U. S. A., will take place next Tuesday evening at the Bailey Farm, near the One Mile Corner. Miss Mary MacKay, sister of the bride, will act as maid of honor. The best man will be Lieutenant John B. Wogan, U. S. A., of Fort Wright.

The annual Christmas sale of the Epworth League will be held at the M. E. Church on next Tuesday. A chowder supper will be served at 6 o'clock. Mrs. Fred P. Webber will be in charge of the evening's entertainment which will include instrumental music by Miss Bessie Anderson.

The Newport Historical Society's Rooms on Barney street are open every Sunday afternoon from 2 to 5. There are attendants there to show visitors over the building. The public are cordially invited to visit the building, witness the many interesting exhibits and view the improvements that have been made in the past year. There are enough interesting things on exhibit there to profitably employ one's time for many hours.

Three weeks from next Monday will be Christmas.

TIPPECANOE

Being a True Chronicle of Certain Passages Between DAVID LARRENCE & ANTOINETTE O'BANNON of the Battle of Tippecanoe in the Indiana Wilderness, and of What Befell Thereafter in Old Corydon and Now First Set Forth

By SAMUEL MCCOY
ILLUSTRATIONS BY DALTON VALENTINE

CHAPTER V.

Young Men and Maidens.

May passed and under the lustrous stars of a June night twinkled the warmer lights of the little village. They shone brightest of all in the little house of Randolph Bullitt, where candles blazed in their silver sconces and lit up a waxen floor. His wife, the grandniece of Lord Cornwallis of England, was holding open house. Above the chatter and laughter a Creole violin lifted the foolish air of the French voyageur, that had floated across the star-glimmering waters of the river of St. Jerome a hundred years before.

Derrière chez-nous il ya un étang.
Ye, ya men!
Trois canards s'en vont baignans,
Tous du long de la rivière,
Légèrement ma berge,
Légèrement, ye men!

"Hoh! zat was de long tam agol" sighed the wandering fiddler from Vincennes, Michel de Richardville, bending over his bow. Where were now these ancient houses of the Old Post—the Cardinals, the Andres, the Burdauks, the Radnes, the Ladeux? "Vincennes, and a long time ago!" Now it was Corydon and the present, with all its courting blood in young veins and its fine forgetfulness of the days gone by. Laughing girls and tall youths went into the flower-decked hall of the Bullitt cabin, or, slipping out again, wandered down two by two in the mystical summer night, beneath the silent stars, to the bank of Indian creek, hurrying by on its long way to the sea. A lonely youth stood in the shadows and watched the white, glimmering shapes of the maidens, each with her backwoods cavalier, go by. A pang of envy shot through him as he heard their light remarks and lighter laughter. He was as young and strong as they, he thought, wistfully. Was life always to withhold some of its gifts from him?

Mr. O'Bannon, strolling deep in reveries of the past, encountered the lonely youth in the starlight and recognized him with an ejaculation of pleasure.

"Hail David, my old one, what art you doing here alone? When I was your age never a dance did I have, that saw me not in the thick of it. Go up and join them, sober-sides."

David muttered a miserable confession, which the old gentleman would have none of.

"No clothes, indeed! Since when were buckskins not as good as broad cloth here in the woods? No invitation! Fiddlesticks! everyone is welcome with us."

And he dragged the reluctant youth toward the lights and music.

The gracious lady of the house received him at the old man's introduction, with kindly smiles for David's shyness; but he was acutely ill at ease, nevertheless, among the group of young maidens who clustered at Mrs. Bullitt's side in their silks and dainty muslins—treasures in the wilderness—and he was glad to escape to the narrow veranda, where a group of older men conversed in quiet tones upon the affairs of the Territory. David stared at their yellow nankeen trousers.

Harrison, the governor, who had come from Vincennes to oversee his spring planting, and had tarried for the evening, was among the group. He turned to a young man:

"Mr. Blackford," he said, "I believe that you have the distinction of being graduated from the same college which President Madison attended. I myself was a student at Hampden-Sidney college; but I remember hearing my father once say that, besides the institution which was the first-born of all American colleges—his own college of William and Mary—there was but one which a Virginian might attend without doing violence to his family traditions; he might, if he had no soul, go to Harvard, or, if he had no stomach, go to a nutmeg institution at New Haven; but as a Virginian and a gentleman he would go to Princeton."

Blackford laughed. He was a young lawyer who had just arrived in the territory, the first of the galaxy of young men bred in the eastern colleges who were to achieve distinction in the new country. His face had attracted David Lawrence singularly; there was something in the man's fine, straightforward look that drew him like a brother. And here was an opportunity; he could now gratify through Blackford an ambition he had secretly nourished for some time, to study law in the evening. He was growing restless with no greater occupation than measuring silk and calicots over a store counter. And the law would be a step—one step at least—toward Tollette.

"Have you ever met the president, Mr. Blackford?" Harrison went on.

"Once only, Governor Harrison. I shall never forget seeing him at our commencement exercises last September; he was there with his two classmates, Philip Freneau and Judge Blackwelder of Pittsburgh. They were great cronies while in college, I believe. One saw them wandering under the elms with their arms around one another's shoulders, laughing at some nonsense ballad about smoking that Mr. Freneau had written."

"Freneau is our greatest poet," said Harrison. "Scarcely his beautiful lines on 'The Indian Burying Ground,' his

exquisite ode to 'The Wild Honey-suckle,' and that matchless dirge for the dead who fell at Fort Mifflin will live forever."

And in his deep and resonant voice, his face shrouded in the shadows of the veranda, he began to recite that splendid elegy. For a while no one spoke. Each was thinking of the shadow of war with England that seemed deepening with the days; of the closer, more terrible shadow of the Indian.

Someone began to speak of President Madison's policy of diplomatic correspondence with England, and his attempts to settle the maritime disputes peacefully.

Splinter Spencer, the hot-headed—David's best at the tavern—was about to reply that it was more intolerable to endure the insults of Britain than to plunge the country into honorable war, when his young wife and a bevy of radiant women made a sudden rush from within and the gentlemen were led captive to the great silver punch-bowl, where officiated a grinning, ducking, bearded dandy.

David was swept into the midst of a group of young people; but the chatter in his ears ceased, as far as he was concerned, when he saw Tollette radiant among the rest. Like Blackford joined them, and when she had heard what the men had been discussing, the girl demanded why the two had not yet joined Spencer's company of militia.

"So you want us to get shot, do you?" teased Blackford. "I know that we're a worthless pair, but I didn't think we were that bad."

"Stop being funny, Mr. Blackford; I should think you two great, strong men would be eager to enlist and help drive out these terrible Indians for good."

"Well, I'm as ready as the next man to have the Indians leave us in peace," declared David slowly, "but I've never been a soldier and I don't believe that I'd make a very good one."

"Pshaw!" cried Tollette indignantly. "You're just as able to be a soldier as anyone in the territory. You are, you know you are."

"Measure us for our collars, David," laughed Blackford, "we may just as well give in to her first as last."

David laughed too. But he was silent, thinking more of Tollette's words than of Blackford's. He continued his chaffing:

"No, we're neither of us soldiers. David's fast becoming the merchant Croesus of the West, and I'm a lawyer, though I'd hate to have the late lamented Blackstone hear me say that. He'd roll over. I've spent the best years of my young life cooped up in Judge Ford's office in Morris-town, wrestling with McNally's 'Rules of Evidence' when I should have been shedding auster over the social life of New Jersey, and I don't feel as if it would be right for me to throw away all this mighty erudition just to give some red-skinned gentleman the pleasure of wearing the scalp of a future chief justice at his belt, or even the pleasure of my acquaintance. I expect to have very few clients among our red brethren, very few. Somehow, they seem to prefer retaining a hatchet, rather than a hatchet-faced attorney."

Though, for the matter of that, I don't believe I can blame them. Judge Hurst tells me that in spite of all of Governor Harrison's efforts to put the little unpleasantness of the frontier to decision by the courts, there hasn't been one white man hanged for the murder of an Indian since the territory was begun, and that there never will be.

"But seriously, Miss O'Bannon"—Blackford went on—"there can't be so great a necessity for drilling around with a lot of militiamen just now, can there? They make me think of Falstaff's opinion of his ragged recruits: 'I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat.'"

"Necessity," cried Tollette. "Oh, you haven't been here long enough to hear the reports of all their cruelties! Haven't you talked with any of these backwoodsmen whose families have been cut down and massacred and tortured? But I don't care—go on and practice your old law! There'll be plenty of other lawyers to shoulder a gun. If they get killed there'll be just that much more chance for you to succeed."

Blackford winced. Tollette was so dangerously near angry tears that he was sorry he had jested as he had.

"Well, well," he replied soothingly. "David and I will try to measure up to your idea of a man if things get any more serious. I'll promise you that David will knock down dozens of savages with his yardstick and I'll tie them hand and foot with red tape."

"You're both simply hateful," declared Tollette; and the subject was dropped.

CHAPTER VI.

Moonlight.

David was thoughtful, while the light banister ran on.

"Governor Harrison," he said, "may I have a word with you alone? I have some information that I wish to lay before you."

The young governor bowed assent and led the way to a quiet corner. David told the story of the meeting between Girty, Cranmer and Scull. Harrison's face grew grave.

"Why did you not report this soon?"

ery," he asked sharply.

"I wrote at once to John Tipton, at Vincennes," David answered. "I asked him to tell you immediately. I have had no reply from him, but I



"Governor Harrison, May I Have a Word With You Alone?"

have supposed that he gave you the message. John's händler with his ride than with a pen, Governor Harrison, as you know."

"Yes," smiled Harrison, "it's agony for him to write. But I fear that he has not received your letter even yet. He has been away on a hunting and scouting trip for weeks. I myself am going away for a while, but I shall inform General Gibson, who is to have charge of the territory in my absence, and shall direct him to have his rangers make a thorough search for these men. As for Tecumseh, rumors that his brother, Elskatawa, the Prophet, is stirring the warriors to discontent have reached my ears. Rest assured, Mr. Lawrence, that we shall keep careful watch over these matters. I thank you for what you have told me."

David felt that a load had been lifted from his mind. He had done his duty to the land that had received him with such simple hospitality.

"I know Cranmer," the governor went on, "but I never suspected so honest-appearing a fellow. You say he went to Vincennes? I am certain that he has not been there of late. Let me know if he returns to Corydon. The whole Northwest has reason to know that renegade Girty, but I fear it is useless to hope for his capture now. He knows the wilderness like an Indian. As well hope to find a wild bird in the tree tops. By now he is doubtless back in the British posts above Erie. You say that the third man was one known to you as Scull? The name is a new one. Strange, how he disappeared. We'll watch for him."

He returned to his friends with an added word of thanks. David's face darkened as he thought once more of Scull. Where was he? How could he hide himself so completely? The memory of the man's betrayal of David's father rose up in David anew; and he thought once more of the oath that he had sworn, over the "purple posy" of the weaver's brotherhood, to avenge that wrong.

When the party had broken up at last in laughing "good nights," Tollette, Blackford and David strolled toward Tollette's home together. Like began humming a song as they walked along:

Could you to battle march away,
And leave me here complaining—

"A mighty fine evening, wasn't it?"

I'm sure 'twould break my heart to say,
When you were gone campaigning....

"Trust a woman to suit her own sweet will."

"What's the song, Ike?"

"That? Oh, a catch that we used to sing at Princeton. Poor old Billy Paterson wrote it years ago, rest his soul! The late attorney general—class of 1793," he added explanatorily. His rich tenor swung on into the lit of the chorus:

"Ah, non, non, non, pauvre Madelon
Would never quit her Rover.

Ah, non, non, non, pauvre Madelon
Would go with you the wide world over!"

He broke off abruptly: "Wouldn't it be fine to have a wench hanging to your caudal as you marched!"

He said good night abruptly at Tollette's door and went on.

When he had gone, they two, David and Tollette, lingered on, they knew not why, under the moon-drenched trees.

"And now," she said, leaning toward him in the moonlight, "tell me how you like Corydon—as much as you know of us."

He was so happy at seeing her that it was easy for him to fall into her own lightness of speech.

"Ah, I fell in love with America years ago—on the day I reached Corydon. Now I am only bothered to know if America likes me."

"Why, of course she likes you—look what she has done for you already!" Her glance rested on his healthy, vigorous form approvingly.

"Yes; but her favors reproach me now; I am afraid I can never accomplish what this country expects of her young men."

She pretended to look at him thoughtfully. "No, I don't suppose you can ever climb very high!" She laughed teasingly. "How do you like your work?"

"Selling toys to the Indians and loaves to the ladies? Not very romantic."

"I should think the ladies would be romantic, even if the Indians are not."

"Oh, but they all want soldiers;

Am only a weaver by trade!"

"That reminds me—you've never told me about your life in England. Please do it now—but wait, I'll tell you myself." She half closed her eyes, and began reflectively:

"Let me see—I'm looking into the past. You may not know it, but I'm a real Irish southsayer." She let the ghost of a delicious bit of brogue linger on her tongue. "I'm beginning to see your ancestral estates now, gracious, a dual palace takes shape!"

"There's no doubt about your being an Irish southsayer," David commented sarcastically, "the dual castle was certainly there, but unfortunately it belonged to the duke of Newcastle. Our dual castle was behind St. John's palace in Bottle Lane; it had one room in it and no floor!"

"That's nothing to be ashamed of—half the cabins in the woods here are no larger, and their floors are earthen too."

"Ah, but every settler here has as much land as the duke of Newcastle! Air to breathe, freedom!"

"You interrupted me—be quiet, or I won't finish. You idled about the estate all day long or you rode over the countryside with your hounds—"

"His name was Timon, that one mongrel of mine; he had friends who lived on him—I beg your pardon."

"Horrors! Will you be quiet! And at night you lay on silken cushions in front of the great fireplace, reading some tale of the court—"

"I know it was wrong, but one is naturally idle after twelve hours at the loom. I did read a good deal with Harry White."

"Who was Harry White?"

"Harry White was my best friend, Henry Kirke White—the son of Mr. White, the butcher. He was just my own age. We worked together at a stocking loom when we were fourteen, making stockings, but the next year his father apprenticed him to a firm of attorneys."

"And you kept on as a weaver?"

"I kept on as a weaver. But he sent me his books at night. He was as poor as I was, and he drove himself into his grave with study. He died when he was twenty-one, five years ago. But Mr. Southey, the poet laureate, collected all the poems Harry had written—"

"A poet? A butcher's son?"

"He had won a scholarship at Cambridge when he was nineteen—he had got his first poems printed the year before. That was how he attracted Mr. Southey's attention."

"And he's dead! Oh, I'm so sorry!"

"He told me once that a friend he had made at Cambridge, a boy named George Gordon, Lord Byron, said that his poems would never die."

"He was a poet too?"

"I think so. He is living yet. He's only twenty-three."

"Why, you're only twenty-six, yourself! Don't talk like a grandfather!"

"I feel like one."

"Why?"

The sympathy in her voice was as sincere as that in her eyes. David had never known such a woman—had never known what it was to have the divine sympathy of womanhood. He began to tell her of his life, of his sufferings, of his hopes for the future, of his aspirations; and through it all the girl listened, a white rose in the moonlight, and poured the balm of her pure spirit upon his head.

CHAPTER VII.

The Course of True Love.

Corydon lay basking under the sun of August. Along the parched ground the waves of heat, the "lazy Lawrence," danced maddeningly. Tollette was rejoicing in the arrival of a great box from New Orleans—sent by her father to Louisville, hauled thence on a clumsy oak-runner sledge, jolted slowly over the rutty road, by the patient oxen. Tollette cried out rapturously as she drew forth from the great chest walking dresses of white jaconet muslin; a China robe of India silk; a preposterously inadequate cloak of saraset silk; thin slippers of white silk and rose-colored silk and a precious packet containing a ferroniere, a headband of flat gold links with a great pendant of pearls hanging from its clasp down on the forehead. It was Patrice's birthday gift for his daughter, ordered through an old friend in New Orleans.

There were to be two weddings in town that morning—as the weekly newspaper put it. Mr. Philip Bell was to marry the agreeable Miss Rachel Harbison and Mr. Isham Stroud the agreeable Miss Patsy Sands—and Tollette vacillated deliciously in her choice of a costume to grace the two occasions.

The weddings over, she made her way home in her silken slippers, swathed herself in an apron and prepared her dinner. David had not been at either wedding. She was thinking of him as she bustled herself at the hearth, and old Patrice read happily from his beloved "Arcadia." She drew the flat board on which the ceremonial had been baked to golden-brown out from the fire, set the roasted wild turkey on the table, pushed back a flying lock of hair from her flushed face, and roused her father from his book. It was her happiest birthday feast in the new land.

In the evening the old gentleman jogged off on horseback to General Harrison's farm, to pay his respects and be served with a glass of Madeira. Tollette preferred to remain at home—Mr. Blackford would call, perhaps David as well. She finished her work and sat down to amuse herself with some embroidery, a candle made of the wax of the myrtle berry throwing its light upon her flying fingers. The summer dusk fell rapidly around her. The night closed in heavy, warm, full of sleepy sounds of bird and insect. Someone's feet at the doorstep, a hand rapped at the door. Tollette lifted the latchpin. It was David.

She swept him a curtsy.

One of the functions of woman's dress is to snatch a man out of his gull shufflings upon earth and show

him a world glorified. That Tollette was performed in this case. David saw Madame Recamier (he had heard of such a person) curtseying to him in the house of Patrice O'Bannon. Madame Recamier spoke, and lo! it was Tollette:

"Why don't you say how you like it?"

It was evidently the gown of cobwebs that was meant.

"Exceedingly well. . . . Excuse my asking, but is that all of it?"

"Indeed! The latest from Paris. It's too bad to waste it on you."

"Well, well!" David pretended a dry indifference.

Tollette turned up her nose. "Why weren't you at the wedding?"

"Couldn't. I was off on a hunt."

"Lucky!"

"No—only a couple of deer."

"The brides were sweet."

She sat down at her needlework once more and David, seated in the dimly lighted room, his high thin collarband gleaming palely between his dark face and the somber black of his cravat and his coat, watched her in silence. When he spoke it was to introduce a new subject:

"Congress has voted to increase the army by twenty-five thousand men," he said abruptly, "and has provided for the enlistment of fifty thousand volunteers in addition."

She let her hands fall to her lap.

"Does that mean war is sure?"

"Not yet. But they talk of it freely. England will yield to none of our requests."

She smiled proudly to herself at all use of the word "our." He went on with his news:

"Mr. Clay wants a stronger navy. Curious— isn't it?—that Kentucky should be in harmony with the seaboard states in this."

"Yes—they called us 'the wild men on the Ohio' last winter."

He smiled at her flush of resentment. "Are you still as eager for war as you were once?"

Tollette shuddered. It was unnecessary to reply to the thrust.

David went on evenly:

"Well, the whole time of the congress is taken up with the debates. Things are at a breaking point. The president seems likely to get what his message asked for in the way of timber for shipbuilding—Tollette, look at me!"

She looked up, startled at the change in his voice, and saw what she had feared—and vaguely longed for—was about to come. David had risen to his feet. The room seemed suddenly filled with a tremendous tension. Her heart beat uncontrollably; she calmly threaded a needle anew.

"Do you know what failure is?" he flung at her. The torrent of his heart rushed out with the words. "I have struggled," he said harshly, "but I give up now. I work from daylight to dark, I read at night at the law, I weary myself with arguing with Ike Blackford. These things ought to make up my world for me. But they don't. There isn't any world for me unless you—"

He checked himself, then began anew. "I think about myself. I go back over my life—all its poverty—every miserable line of its starved existence. And then—I think about you. . . . I want to know what right you have to make part of my world. It's not your world. I don't belong there. Why do you come into mine? You ought not to be in my thoughts. But you are. I can't drive you out of my mind. You have been there ever since I first saw you, ever since . . ."

His voice broke.

From the first wild challenge of his gaze she had averted her face and had listened with bowed head. As he paused she threw a frightened glance at him and saw that the knuckles of his clenched hands were whitened with the strain. She tried to speak but could think of nothing that she could say. Her hands picked aimlessly at the threads in her lap. After a moment he regained control of his lips and went on, passionately as before, but with an undercurrent of pleading that softened his words:

"I have been trying to believe that I could conquer all this in myself—that it was too preposterous to endure. But instead of that it has grown stronger . . . so strong that it is now everything. You are in everything I do. I cannot keep silent."

"Exactly what do you want, David?"

It was a very cool little voice that broke in on him.

He was wounded to the heart. For a moment the hurt look in his eyes struck her with pity. But she steeled herself and went on:

"I'm afraid I don't know just what you're talking about. Do you mean that I am wronging you in any way?"

A wave of hot anger swept through him that she could choose to adopt so

"There," he said, pulling his shirt sleeves over his brawny arms and surveying the clothes prop which had taken him the best part of the afternoon to fix in the garden. "That's as firm as a rock. Even the combined forces of the elements cannot bring it down."

Later in the day he found the pile on the ground.

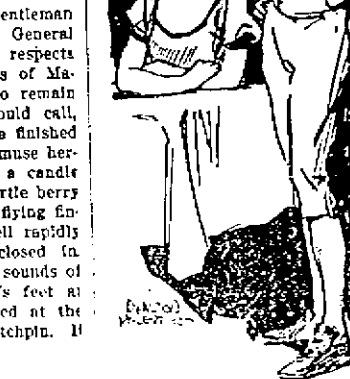
"Did you do this?" he roared to his eight-year-old son.

"No, father," was the answer; "a sparrow perched on it. I see it myself."—London Globe.

A River in Brazil.

The state of Sao Paulo, in the region of Brazil, has a river that carries one of the longest names of any stream in the world. The name is of Indian origin and is "Tamanduaety" and also called without saving anything length "river of the Great Tamandua."

"I'm Afraid I Don't Know Just What You're Talking About"



"I'm Afraid I Don't Know Just What You're Talking About"

pitiful or misconception. But the girl was fighting with the weapons of her sex, fighting to regain control of the situation. He stood very proudly, waiting to give her an opportunity to retract.

"If I have offended you . . ."

"I have made a mistake," he said laughingly. "I see that I have been ridiculous."

She shot a frightened glance at him. Had she gone too far? She forced herself to go on, still clinging to her makeshift armor, still hiding behind her poor little defenses:

"Can you think that I do not realize how hard life is up here on the frontier? It calls for all that is best and bravest in us to go on fighting against heat and cold and hunger, actual want. But it takes strong men—men who endure and do not complain."

"Do you think I am whining? You know I am not." He waved her words aside impatiently. "It is something else—"

He stopped, impotent to advance in the face of the frivosity of his passion she had thrown in his path.

The room was very still. Outdoors the crickets chirped incessantly. For a long while they stood facing each other in silence that rested more and more heavily upon David's heart.

Tollette raised her eyes timidly. David's look had not changed; it seemed to enfold her with a mighty passion of wounded love, proud, suffering, pleading to be understood.

She spoke again, falteringly:

"We shall always be friends, shall we not?"

There was no answer. She waited, not daring to raise her eyes from the ground. She heard him move slowly across the room, heard the latch lifted and the door opened; heard his deep grave voice saying goodby, as in a dream; heard the door close.

There swept over her the realization of all that he had suffered and risked for her, all the fine manliness that lifted him above the poverty of his life. The silent room seemed to accuse her with a hundred inscrutable eyes. He had laid bare his love for her and she had dragged it in the dust of petty things. She stretched her hands out yearningly.

"David!" she called.

The room mocked her with its silence.

He was gone.

(TO Be Continued.)

Aztecs and Human Sacrifices.

Human victims were sacrificed by the Aztecs in various ways and relatively in large numbers. Hubert Howe Bancroft, in his "History of Mexico," says: "The victims were for the most part captives taken in war, and

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Estimated Income	\$ 1.00
Estimated Expenses	\$ 1.00
Estimated Net Income	\$ 0.00
Estimated Total Income	\$ 1.00
Estimated Total Expenses	\$ 1.00
Estimated Total Net Income	\$ 0.00

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OUR GOLD PIECES

They Once Figured In an Odd Way In the Jewelry Trade.

WENT INTO THE MELTING POT.

Their Common Use For Manufacturing Purposes Alarmed Uncle Sam, and He Quickly Cured the Evil by "Peppering" the Coins With Iridium.

An old time manufacturing jeweler tells how the United States government stopped some forty odd years ago the melting up of twenty dollar gold pieces by persons who wished to use the metal in the manufacture of gold jewelry.

In those days it was the custom of many of the jewelry makers to use these coins instead of buying fine gold, as a matter of convenience. So they went to a bank and got twenty dollar gold pieces enough, or ten dollars worth, for that matter, to supply sufficient metal for the work in hand. The gold pieces being 22 carats fine, 21 carats being absolutely pure gold, it was not difficult for the jeweler to melt them up and add the necessary alloys to produce the degree of fineness desired for the jewelry they were going to make.

"However," says the jeweler, "it was not long after this practice became more or less general that the government authorities began to wonder what was becoming of the twenty dollar gold coins. They began missing the ten dollar ones, too, but the disappearance of the former was by far the more rapid. The officials did not think that the people of the country were hoarding the gold, because most of the smaller coins remained in circulation. So a quiet investigation was begun, and it was not long before it was discovered that the makers of gold jewelry were melting them up for trade purposes.

"Having found the cause, it was not difficult for the officials to effect a cure. They did it by 'peppering' the twenty dollar coins with iridium, which is not altogether unlike black emery in the crude state, requiring a heat of 3,642 degrees F. to melt it. Gold, on the other hand, can be melted at 1,933 degrees F. From this it is easy to see that the unsuspecting manufacturer, melting up gold pieces at the temperature required, got a number of unmelted specks of iridium in his metal when he let it cool. This made trouble when the metal was worked up.

"At the time this was being done there was a great vogue for the Etruscan work in solid gold, which required a perfectly smooth surface in order to be produced properly. Imagine the dismay of the jeweler, therefore, when they found the much needed smooth surface dotted here and there with little pepper-like specks of iridium. To leave them in meant that the decorative work could not be done properly, and to take them out meant leaving the piece pockmarked with tiny holes. It was not long before the gold pieces, whether they contained iridium or not, were eyed with suspicion by the manufacturers, who then secured their metal from other sources.

"Another way in which iridium caused some trouble for the gold jewelry trade had its birth in the assay office. While it was not often the case, it was not a rare thing up until about ten years ago to find a sprinkling of iridium in the fine gold purchased from the government assayer. While this might possibly have been avoided by a little more care on the part of the persons who had charge of preparing the scrap metal for refining, it was generally regarded in the trade as accidental. It happened because the clips and filings that were turned in for refining by the makers of gold pens contained tiny bits of iridium, which because of its hardness is used for filing the pens. This does not happen any more.

"Twenty dollar gold pieces figured in another interesting way in the old days in the jewelry trade, but in a way that affected the trade much more indirectly than directly. Knowing that a good price could be had for scrap gold from the refiners, the gold probably finding an ultimate purchaser in the jewelry trade, unscrupulous persons had several ways of obtaining this scrap and still leaving enough of the coins to pass them on unsuspecting tradesmen and banks that were not careful enough to weigh them when they were tendered.

"One way of doing this was to 'strip' a coin by putting it into an electrochemical bath, getting thereby a slight residue of gold on a copper plate, which was afterward melted and the metals separated. This method was not very popular, as it had a tendency to discolor the coin.

"One of the most successful schemes was the use of a specially prepared male and female die. The diameter of the die was about one one-thousandth of an inch smaller than the diameter of the coin, and it was so made that after the resultant rim of metal was cut off the mill edgcs remained. The gold thus obtained from a single twenty dollar coin was probably worth about 50 cents, and the coin itself, to all appearances, had not been tampered with. When the practice was discovered the banks installed scales on which they weighed gold coins before accepting them."—New York Times.

Clam Shells.
Clam shells are susceptible of a fine polish and are used for many ornamental purposes. Chinese carve them into snuffboxes, tops of walking sticks, bracelets and similar articles.

Merely a Delusion.
Insurance Doctor—Any insanity in your family? Cholly—Only—aw—the peter—thinks he's the head of the kouse, ye know.—Boston Globe.

Strong on Bills.
Winkle—My wife would make a good member of congress. Hinkle—Why? Winkle—She's always introducing bills into the house.

SHE ASKED FOR CANDOR.

And Now He Wonders What Would Have Happened Had She Got It.

A woman with a birthday in sight spoke earnestly to three men who were her friends.

"Tomorrow will be another birthday for me," she said. "I know the freshness of my youth has departed, but I should like to know just how old I appear in the eyes of the world. Tell me, my dear friends, if you were looking on me for the first time what would be your impressions?"

Said the first man glibly: "I have known you for several years, and you appear the same as when I first saw you. Your beauty is undimmed; your charm is undiminished. If I did not know otherwise I should say tomorrow would be your twentieth birthday."

Said the second man more slowly: "I, too, have known you for several years, but it seems to me you have been favored by time. Your beauty has ripened and deepened until now you, who were once a lovely bud, are a jeweller rose in bloom. I should count tomorrow as the beginning of your twenty-fifth year."

"And you?" queried the woman of the third man, who had been regarding her with clear eyed frankness.

"Between friends there should always be truth," he replied gravely. "I acknowledge your beauty and your charm, and both have been wonderfully preserved in a semblance of youth. But you ask for candor, and you shall have it. Looking at you closely, I should not expect you to see thirty—after tomorrow."

The woman faced the three men who were her friends, and her eyes were gleaming while her cheeks' pink turned to crimson. She pointed an accusing finger.

"You have lied," she said tremulously, "and you also. But I will forgive you both because you lied to please me. But you"—she pointed toward the last speaker—"you are a barbarous egotist. You have wounded me in order to maintain your own reputation for veracity. Truth, indeed! Your honesty offends me. We are no longer friends. Go—and quickly!"

"When?" exclaimed the third man as he strode through the outer darkness. "I wonder what would have happened to me if I had really told her the truth?"—Ella Randall Pearce in Life.

LIMBS AND THE MAN.

Lengths In Fingers, Hands and Arms, the Span and the Stride.

If the forefinger is bent so that each joint may be measured separately they will be in the proportion of 1, 1 1/2, 2 and the distance from knuckle to wrist four times the length of the first joint. If the finger is straightened out the distance from the wrist to finger tip will be seven inches, supposing the nail joint to be one inch. The span with thumb and forefinger will then be eight inches and an inch longer with any of the three other fingers. From wrist to elbow will be ten inches, from elbow to forefinger seventeen; and from collar bone to forefinger thirty-two.

Sailors extend the arms fully and call the distance a fathom, though a man standing with his back to a wall can stretch only about his height. If he tries to measure a tree by reaching around it, his fathom will hardly be more than five feet.

The normal pulse beats seventy-two to seventy-five times a minute in health, and normal respiration is eighteen a minute.

The pace is called thirty inches, though few men can without practice take a hundred consecutive steps of the same length. It is better to determine the length of the regular pace, or, rather, the number of steps required to cover a given distance, walking naturally, than to attempt to take an artificial pace of an unnatural length. The average man paces thirty inches, 108 steps a minute, covers three miles an hour. The soldier marches 120 steps a minute, or at the rate of 3.4 miles an hour, but this is rapid going and regular halts are made. A ten minute halt every hour would reduce the distance covered to 2.84 miles each hour.—Outing.

Wit Not Appreciated.

Stubbs was feeling his way to the kitchen stove in the dark when he fell over the coal scuttle.

"Oh, John," called Mrs. Stubbs sweetly, "I know what you need. You should get what they have on battleships."

"What's that?" growled Stubbs as he rubbed his shins.

"Why, a range finder."

And what Stubbs said about woman's wit was plenty.

Old Trinity.

Old Trinity, as it is familiarly known, at Wall Street and Broadway, in New York, is not so old as churches go. The first Trinity was erected on the site in 1697 and burned in 1776. And the second became unsafe in 1846, when it was demolished and the present church built.—New York World.

Like Father, Like Son.

"Willie, do you like your teacher?"

"Naw! She's an old crab."

"Willie, how dare you speak about your teacher that way? Don't you know that is disrespectful?"

"What's wrong with it? Isn't that what you tell me your boss is?"—Detroit Free Press.

Fame.

Fame is easily acquired. All you have to do is to be in the right place at the right time and do the right thing in the right way—and then advertise it properly.—Puck.

Helped One Way.

"How did your garden turn out?"

"It helped. The work I did in it gave me a great appetite for the vegetables I had to buy."—Washington Star.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

FAME IN A FEW WORDS.

Authors Who Are Now Known Only by a Single Work or Passage.

Philip James Bailey wrote "Festus" when he was twenty-three and lived to be eighty-six without adding appreciably to his early laurels. His "Festus" was compared by enthusiastic admirers to the works of Shakespeare and Goethe. No one reads "Festus" now, but its memory survives in one familiar quotation, a one time favorite for use in autograph albums:

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;

In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart throbs.

His most lines

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

Bailey is very far from being the only author to live in men's minds by virtue of a single line, stanza or passage. It is a narrow margin by which to escape oblivion, but it serves. True, it is not the writer himself that is remembered, but as long as some spark from his brain still glimmers he is not totally dead. It may be a line from a song, "Meet me by moonlight alone" and "Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?" are repeated as catchwords by thousands who never heard of J. Augustus Wade or Thomas Dunn English. Very often, however, the lines that survive are of high literary value. Theodore O'Hara, soldier of fortune, wrote:

On famo's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

By these four lines he won for himself admission to the eternal camping ground of poetry.

William Knorr, a Scotch versifier (1780-1823), owes his fragmentary survival not so much to any great poetic merit in his mortuary couplets as to the indorsement of Abraham Lincoln, who loved to repeat:

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Like a fast falling meteor, a fast flying cloud,

A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,

He passes from life to rest in the grave.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

SAVAGE DISCIPLINE.

The Way Unruly Indian Boys Were Punished in Former Days.

My grandmother had twelve children, and one uncle undertook to teach me the art of writing. He used to lead me to the sandbanks of the Missouri river, where he would set fire to a pile of driftwood, and then, taking me by the hand, sing sacred songs to the fire and river. In the meantime he threw into them offerings of tobacco, red feathers, and sometimes oak twigs. I never knew the meaning of these offerings, but I always felt that some living thing actuated both the fire and the river.

Another uncle came to visit us periodically, and every time he came my brother or I suffered at his hands. Sometimes he would rush to the spring, carrying me horizontally under his arm, and would plunge my head into the water until I almost suffocated.

His common form of discipline was to let me hang by my hands on the cross poles of the wigwam until my arms ached. My body writhed before I dropped. This uncle seemed to like best to command my older brother to tie my hands and feet with a rope. Then he would order me to resist—an ordeal that would make us both cry. In the winter he would also sometimes roll us in snow naked.

The punishment of Indian children is usually in the hands of some uncle rather than the parents. Our punishments were inflicted generally because we had disobeyed grandmother by failing to get wood at evening, had resisted fasting, had fought some Indian boys or had cried without sufficient cause.—Southern Workmen.

Quinine Not a Preventive.

Dr. E. Hafford Ross in a letter to the London Lancet ridicules the attempt to prevent malaria by administering quinine. This cures malaria, but does not prevent it, just as diphtheria is cured with antitoxin, but not prevented. He cites the utter failure of five years of quinine administration to prevent malaria in Egypt and of the marked reduction in the disease that immediately followed the enforcement of anti-mosquito measures.

Public Streets.

Under the Roman-Dutch civil law the title to a public street was in the sovereign, and this rule obtained in New Netherlands until the country now comprising New York City was taken over by the English in 1664.

The English common law, on the other hand, left the title to a public street in the owner of the adjacent land, with only "the right of passage for the king and his people."—New York Times.

On the Fly.

"So you want to know where flies come from, Tommy? Well, the cyclone makes the housefly, the blacksmith makes the firefly, the carpenter makes the sawfly, the driver makes the horsefly, the grocer makes the sandfly, and the barber makes the butterfly."—Chicago Herald.

For Grassy Woodwork.

Paint or woodwork that has become grassy should be cleaned with a cloth dipped in turpentine. Then wipe with a cloth dipped in water to which a little kerosene has been added.—New York American.

A man does not represent a fraction, but a whole number; he is complete in himself.—Schopenhauer.

An Unlucky Number Seven.
Wife (during the spat)—I wasn't anxious to marry you. I refused you six times. Hub—Yes, and then my luck came out.—Boston Transcript.

When a man falls back on oaths he declares himself out of arguments.

STAGECOACH DAYS

Travel Often Spelled Misery Before We Had Railways.

TALE OF A WINTER JOURNEY.

Discomforts and Hardships That Had to Be Endured by the Passengers in an Old Style Trip Across the Allegheny Mountains in 1848.

How travelling is metamorphosed these days, to be sure! Yet some men "fond of handling the ribbons" and some women who "want to see the scenery at their leisure" still regret "the spanking boys and rocking stage-coach of the past."

Here is the way the Allegheny mountains were crossed in 1848:

"It was midwinter when we arrived at Wheeling, and as the stagecoach was to start at 5 o'clock in the morning no one thought of going to bed, so we took our way through the frozen streets to secure through tickets to Philadelphia. It was pitch dark and bitter cold—the damp, penetrating weather that reaches the very marrow of our bones.

"The little den, called by courtesy the office, was filled with passengers as dumb, cold and ill-natured as ourselves. There was a handful of coal burning in a small grate, and around it were grouped the round shouldered, unsympathetic people who were to be our fellow passengers. They glanced at us and closed up all the open space near the fire, as if to say: 'You don't get in here, we can tell you. You have no right to travel in our coach, any way!'

"At one side stood a table, and on it was a coffee pot and cups, some sausages frozen stiff and an unattractive loaf of bread, over which presided, a tall dorky, who leaned against the wall fast asleep. We were told that we could get a good breakfast twenty miles away from Wheeling.

"At the appointed time the heavy old coach came up, and we all clambered in and stowed ourselves away pell-mell. A short way from town there was a long hill, up which the horses toiled, so this gave us all time to settle down for a quiet nap. One snore after another announced their success; in a few minutes six out of the nine passengers were oblivious of their misery.

"Not being sleepy, I studied the snorers. A large fat man opposite me had a short, angry snore. He snored so loudly that he woke himself up and glared about him impatiently, as though he hoped they wouldn't make that noise again!

"The old lady who was crushing me up in the corner snored deeply and contentedly.

"Some one off to a dark corner had a genial way of joining in as though he snored merely to oblige the passengers; but the grand musician of the company sat opposite me. I never heard anything approaching him either for quality or compass. It was a back action snore that began in a bold, tattoo movement, suddenly brought up with a jerk and ended with a whistle.

"The whole band was in full play when we stopped with a tremendous jerk, and everybody woke up with oaths or 'Pshaw!' over a bad job. The summit gained, there was a sharp crack of the whip, the horses started, and everybody was jerked violently backward. Soon the chorus began again, however, and I joined in till the coach came to a full stop at the table where the horses were to be changed.

"Stiff and sleepy and cramped from sitting so long in one position, the sun now rose and came in at all sorts of places, waking and blinding everybody. What a discontented lot we were! And we all hated each other!

"At last, breakfast—ah, hot coffee, ham and eggs and buckwheat cakes! The meal was not half over before we were a band of brothers. We could not do enough for each other. All was harmony and peace."

Nor was that all, for they drove into a severe mountain storm and intense cold, darkness; the horses fell on the icy roads; the stage rocked wildly in the wind and nearly blew over. Twenty-four hours of this, a driver frozen stiff and assisted down from the box. We do it now in six hours in a comfortable bed, in a warm, well lighted car. Some "modern times" are mighty good times.

Our chief loss has been the great cheerful, roaring open fires that people had in those days. The domestic virtues began to decay when people were reduced to sitting around a hole in the wall or a gloomy metal resistor, without armchairs, stories, songs, grand parents and little children roasting apples or pepping corn—friends and strangers dropping in and getting a warm welcome, a place in the circle and what Spaniards call "the love of the fire."—Baltimore News.

Quite a Change.

Twenty-five years ago a young husband's wife went away for a two days' visit. When she returned he met her at the depot and embraced her and blessed her. The other day she returned from a two weeks' visit. He met her and said, while he took a cher of tobacco, "Well, did you have a good time?"—Kansas City Star.

Never let your mirth, jubilation or pleasures dull your sympathy for the sorrow, suffering, sickness or indigence of other people.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of

W. D. Howells said of old age at one of his Sunday afternoons:

"Age is modester than youth. I've often noticed that when I tell a mother that her daughter is the image of what she was herself at nineteen the mother is delighted, but the daughter looks startled."

"And what do you sailors do?" asked a visitor on one of our battleships.

"Well," responded the Jolly tar, "we does what we please until we are told to do something else, and then we does that something else pretty darn quick."

—Boston Transcript.

Busy.
"Bliggins says a man ought to attend to his own business."

"Yes. But he thinks it's his business to show everybody else how to attend to his business."—Washington Star.

How It Ended.
"Ma and pa had a terrible argument last night."

"How did it end?"

"Ma's going to get a new dress and opera cloak."—Detroit Free Press.

A RIDE ON THE PILOT.

It Was Too Exciting a Railroad Trip to Be Repeated.

An eastern man was riding by rail through the Rocky mountains. A friend had told him about riding on the pilot of the engine through some grand mountain scenery, and the easterner was eager to have the same experience. At the first opportunity, therefore, he asked the conductor whether his friends and he could ride on the front of the engine. The conductor very promptly said they could not. Nothing but a permit from the superintendent of the line would entitle any one to such a privilege. As the superintendent was a thousand miles away, it seemed a hopeless case.

The easterner spoke of his disappointment to the Pullman conductor, who told him that perhaps the affair could be managed after all. Through his diplomacy it was arranged somehow or other, and at the next station four of the party, including two ladies, took their places on the pilot.

The scenery was some of the grandest in the new world, but the easterner could not enjoy it. The two slender rails in front held his gaze with a sort of horrible spell. He could not look away from them. He felt almost the same sense of insecurity and terror that a man would feel if he were suddenly whirled off into infinite space.

Suddenly, as the train rounded a curve, he saw a hand car on the track ahead. His companions saw it at the same instant. A man stood beside it and was making desperate efforts to remove it from the rails. He got the wheels off; then, as the engine bore down upon him, he fled.

The engineer did not see the hand car at once, he was at the moment looking at his gauges. When he did see it it was too late for him to check the speed of the train. He could only look on.

The hand car was on the side of the track nearest the man from the east. He had an awful half minute. He rose to his feet, not knowing what to do, and leaned far over in front of the others. His eyes were riveted upon the hand car. He saw nothing, realized nothing, except its approach.

The engine struck the hand car with terrific force, and the pilot lifted it from the rails. It rolled up, ground against the very place where the easterner had been sitting, plowed a deep groove in the ironwork and then tumbled over at the side of the track.

The frightened engineer set the brakes and brought the train to a standstill. Not one of the party was even touched, but they had had enough riding on the pilot. And, indeed, it was the end of such riding for others. From that time all such trips were strictly forbidden.

It was two years before the man from the east could see a hand car even standing harmlessly beside a railway track without turning faint and dizzy.—Youth's Companion.

A Challenge.

What do you know about the Hall electrolytic production of aluminum, the Acheson process for manufacturing carborundum, the Wilson method of applying acetylene industrially, the Lovejoy & Bradley plant for the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen, the Gayley invention of the dry air blast in iron making, the Herreshoff method of electrolytic copper refining, the Frasch process for refining crude oil? We feel safe in asserting that the great majority of our readers could not name offhand, much less describe, any one of these eight discoveries. Yet they are basic steps in our conquest of nature. We are all indebted to them every day of our lives.—Collier's Weekly.

The Basis of National Feeling.

"National feeling is obviously only a conspicuous instance of those corporate enthusiasms which are spontaneously generated as soon as one recognizes himself to be a member of a group. Whether one belongs to the French Institute, is a Daughter of the Revolution, a brakeman on the Baltimore and Ohio, a delegate to a religious congress, is rooting for Harvard or ascending his genealogical tree, he finds," writes James Harvey Robinson in the Century, "his personality agreeably expanding. Paltry, diffident and discontented 'I' becomes proud and confident 'we.'"

Fasting For Health.

Thousands of years before it was practiced as a religious rite fasting was practiced as a health measure in Egypt, India and China. Contemporary to Cicero was Aesclepiades, a Greek physician, who strongly advocated this idea, and 1,000 years after his day Ibn Sina, philosopher and medical sage, argued the virtues of temporary abstinence on the ground that it came easier than constant moderation.

Age and Youth.

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THIS WORLD CROWDED?

Why, Lake Champlain, Frozen, Would Easily Hold All Its People.

There are on this globe about 1,600,000,000 inhabitants. Most of us, who lack the sense of proportion, at the mention of this big number are apt to speak of the "overpopulation" of the world. Yet if we spare a few moments' thought we shall better know what this represents. There is in my study room a geographic globe about fifteen inches in diameter. On that sphere there is marked a little spot about the size of the point of a pencil—at any rate, so small as to make it impossible to write the initials of its name—Lake Champlain—upon it.

Yet whenever Lake Champlain freezes over there is good standing room for every one of all the inhabitants of the earth, and then this lake would be considerably less crowded than some of the busy streets of New York. Indeed, strange as it may sound, every one, young and old, would find about one square yard to stand upon. Nay, more, if the very young and the very old would please to stand aside on the shores of the lake the remainder of the total inhabitants of the world could amuse a skating party where there would be less crowding than is seen on a busy winter day on that skating pond in New York's Central park.

Sketching the picture is like visualizing the great tragedy of the human race—the few people of this earth do not begin to realize their immense opportunities and their unused resources; meanwhile they have the insane feeling that the world is "overpopulated." All our science, our religion, our art have not given us common sense enough to learn how to use them to live comfortably and happily—we, this mere handful of inhabitants on this immense world of ours. Nor does it look as if we were going to get to our senses before many generations to come as long as we keep on muddling and blundering, as long as greed and vanity, lust for power, the manly inheritance of the aims and thoughts of the past, together with some of our time honored traditions, keep us in the cold, relentless grip of bygone ages.—From "Renewing the Earth From the Air," by L. H. Baekeland, in Scribner's.

SENSE OF DIRECTION.

A Help In Finding Your Bearings at Night Without a Compass.

An English survivor of the South African war who was often sent on long distance night reconnaissances has worked out a system whereby any one can be right at home in the dark without compass or other instrument to aid the sense of direction. He worked out the exact movement and direction of the largest and most easily distinguished lights in the heavens so that the least scientific eye can recognize these signs by sight, and the whole dome of the heavens becomes a vast compass.

If there were fire balloons or

Charles M. Cole,
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ICE CREAM
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Koschny's
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WATER
ALL PERSONS desiring to have water
introduced into their cell or place of
business, should make application to the
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GUY NORMAN, Treasurer.

ASK ANY HORSE
Eureka
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Sold by dealers everywhere
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You Are Judged by
the Appearance
of Your Letter
If your stationery is up to
the minute, with type the
proper size and neatly dis-
played, your communication
will command attention.
That Is the Kind of
Stationery That Our
Job Office Turns Out

Some Odd Christian Names.
An applicant, rejoicing in the curious
name of Hestia at the last sitting of the
Somerset tribunal caused an inquiry
where he got it from. He replied from
the Bible, where it is only mentioned
once—1 Chronicles vii. 30. There lived
for many years in the village of Twerton,
Bath, one named Miah. He was
born a twin, and his parents thrif-
tily divided the predestined name of Jere-
mah between them, the other babe be-
ing christened Jere.—London Globe.

Good Worker.
"And you say he is an industrious
worker? You astonish me. I had formed
just the opposite opinion of him."
"He's the most industrious worker I
ever saw. He probably works as many
as a dozen people a day, or twice as."
—Houston Post.

Text From Br'er Williams.
I don't want what do rich men's got,
kaze I knows mighty well he ain't
water turn it loose, an' I don't want
money what ain't got a blessin' on it.
Howsever, money looks mighty good
on a cold mawm.—Atlanta Constitution.

"Gass, china and reputation are easily
cracked and never well mended."
—Franklin.

MISSISSIPPI HAD CAMELS.

When It Was a Sandy Desert With a
Tropical Climate.

The geology of mountain regions is
generally more difficult to master than
that of plains, because the rocks have
been more broken and tilted about,
but the geology of certain parts of
Mississippi is almost as difficult as
that of a mountainous region, because
certain widely distributed formations
bear few definite identification marks,
particularly remains and impressions
of plants and animals that lived at the
time the deposits were formed.

A peculiar sandstone, which geolo-
gists have called the Catboulda sand-
stone, has been studied with care by
G. C. Matson and E. W. Berry of the
United States geological survey, de-
partment of the interior, who have
been able to identify and follow the
sandstone by means of the remains of
plants.

Among the plants found were pines,
ferns, leaves of date palms, tropical
myrtles, figs, and a tree closely related
to the present day Mexican and Cen-
tral American sapota, from which
most of the material for chewing gum
is obtained. These fossil plants show
that at the time the sandstone was
formed—perhaps 5,000,000 years ago—
the climate of this region was tropical,
and bones of camels found by other
geologists in the region and the simi-
larity of the sand composing the sand-
stone to certain tropical desert sands
have a similar implication.—Geological
Survey.

THE KNOTTY FOOD PROBLEM.

A Scientist Finds Its Solution in a
Nuttty Proposition.

Leave it to the bewhiskered old boys
of science, they of the square specta-
cles and ear muffs, and this world will
be pulled through its rather precarious
existence. Some time ago somebody
who needed the money wrote an
alarmist article for a magazine, stat-
ing that in a very short time—in fact,
within 8,000,000 or 9,000,000 years—the
earth's food supply would be entirely
exhausted.

"This set all the scientists going like
gyroscopes, and in the dizzy whirl of
investigation some very interesting
things came to light. It was up to the
scientists to find something for the
people to eat 8,000,000 or 9,000,000
years hence. It was not wholly a new
problem. Scientists long ago evolved
the scheme of sawing up timber into
breakfast food and said that a man
could go forth with a buckskin and get
enough sawdust out of a fence rail to
keep himself and his family supplied
for some time.

One learned scientist thinks that he
has solved the problem for all time.
He says that the nut trees could in a
plum supply food for the entire world.

This knotty question has become a
nuttty question and one which he has
apparently solved. Those who are on
earth now should be of good cheer.
They will not have to starve 8,000,000
years hence.—Topeka State Journal.

Like a Scene From the Middle Ages.
The oldest and largest university in
the world is El-Azhar at Cairo. Found-
ed in 975, it has been from the start a
national institution, the khedive being
the rector. The minimum age of en-
trance is fifteen, and the applicant
must know half the Koran by heart—
if blind, the whole Koran—and be able to
read and write. The curriculum con-
sists of virtually nothing but theology
and canon law, the final examination
fifteen years after matriculation being
upon these, together with traditions of
the prophet, grammar, etymology, rhet-
oric and logic. It is the same institu-
tion which has prevailed for centuries,
and one who goes into the great court
where the circles of students are sit-
ting at the feet of their Gamalels looks
upon a scene preserved from the mid-
dle ages, "a perfect specimen, living,
breathing and entire."

A Request.

"I shall never forget," says the emi-
nent man of wealth during the course
of his little speech on "How to Become
as I Am," "I shall never forget how I
saved my first hundred dollars."

At this juncture a weary individual
in the audience, who has heard this
story many times and has read it many
times more, interrupts:
"Well, if you can't forget it, for
heaven's sake give the rest of us a
chance to."

Why He Did Not Know.

"Papa, what is a bricklayer?" asked
Harry.
"Now, what a silly question!" said
his father. "What makes you ask
questions like that, son? Any fool
would know."

"Yes; but, papa," said Harry, "I ain't
a fool."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Individuality.
To each intellect belongs a special
power. We belong to ourselves, and
we lose control of our own when we
try to be some one else. The original
mind is a magnetic center for the at-
traction of other minds. But the lone-
stone loses nothing by attraction. It
remains the same.

Rays and Raize.
"Everybody emits rays. An angry
man emits violet rays; a contented
person emits pinkish rays."

"Sounds interesting. I wonder if my
boss would emit a ten dollar raise of
salary."—Exchange.

Opposites.
Wigg—I suppose we should all marry
our opposites. Waggs—Yes, but there is
no reason why a man with a future
should marry a woman with a past.—
Philadelphia Record.

Letting Her Voice Out.
Patience—You say she is a singer?
Patrice—Oh, yes.
"A professional singer?"
"Yes, she lets her voice out for
money."—Yonkers Statesman.

Where Love and Skill Work Together
expect a masterpiece.—Reade.

Text From Br'er Williams.
I don't want what do rich men's got,
kaze I knows mighty well he ain't
water turn it loose, an' I don't want
money what ain't got a blessin' on it.
Howsever, money looks mighty good
on a cold mawm.—Atlanta Constitution.

BOUNDARY LINES.

A Clearing 875 Miles Long Separates
Alaska From Canada.

Boundaries between countries, states
and counties and between cities and
the country surrounding them are
marked in various ways. Sometimes
it is by a stone post or monument; of-
ten a county is separated from an ad-
joining county by a public road, which
is surveyed purposely on the county
line.

In some of the southern states coun-
ties which allow cattle to run at large
are often separated from those which
do not by a fence. The boundary be-
tween Alaska and Canada is marked
by a clear strip in the woods 875 miles
long.

When a highway passes from one
country into another the traveler is
made aware of the fact by the customs
officials. Sometimes also, as in France,
a tax is collected on country produce
entering the cities. But in thinly set-
tled sections of the United States the
boundaries between counties and even
between states are not always marked,
and, though known to the inhabitants,
are often not to be recognized by a
stranger.

One notable instance of a marked
boundary is the great wall of China,
which extends for a distance of more
than 1,500 miles along what was once
the frontier of that empire.—Christian
Herald.

FOUR POSTER BEDSTEADS.

A Legacy From the Days When People
Slept in Boxes.

In medieval times, when life was
very insecure, it was usual for people
to sleep on a bed which was surround-
ed by sides of boards with strong posts
at the four corners. These sides con-
tained sliding doors, which could be
fastened inside.

When men retired to rest they took
a weapon with them. If attacked in
the night they were aroused by the
noise made by the crashing in of their
wooden defense and were able to de-
fend themselves.

When the law became strong enough
to protect human life the sides of the
bedstead were gradually dispensed
with, but the four posts remained. The
boxlike bedstead still survives in the
rural parts of Scotland and is almost
necessary where the earthen floors and
imperfect ceilings cause much damp.
Emily Bronte in "Wuthering Heights"
describes one of these bedsteads in the
old mansions as forming a "little clo-
set." Mr. Lockwood, who had to sleep
in it, says, "I slid back the panel sides,
got in with my light, pulled them to-
gether again and felt secure."—London
Standard.

Penalty of the Peach.

The Egyptians appear to have been
acquainted with what is commonly
called prussic acid, the most deadly of
poisons. It is held that they distilled it
from certain plants and trees, notably
the peach. In the Louvre there is an
ancient Egyptian papyrus from which
the following has been deciphered:
"Pronounce not the name of I. A. O.
under the penalty of the peach." This
has been supposed to be a death warn-
ing to those who might be tempted to
reveal mysteries in connection with the
religious rites of the priests.

The Romans probably learned of prus-
sic acid from the Egyptians. History
has it that in the reign of Tiberius a
Roman knight accused of treason drank
poison and immediately fell dead at
the feet of the senators, a significant
circumstance, inasmuch as no other
poison has the almost instantaneous
effect of prussic acid.

A Poor Press Agent.

Max O'Rell was exceedingly popular
as a lecturer, and the way in which
his mother viewed the suggestion that
her son should take to the platform is
worth repetition. She wrote to him
from the native village which she had
never left for more than a day to say
that she did not think appearing before
audiences to be a reputable business, and
when he replied that he had decided to
do it and had signed a contract to that
effect the dear old lady wrote back
that she was "still" his loving mother
and that she would tell no one in the
village about it.

One Beyond.

Willis—Do you think that moving
pictures are the ultimate development
of dramatic art? Willis—No. There
will be one more. On the legitimate
stage you can get along with brains
and no beauty; in the movies you can
get along with beauty and no brains,
and the next stage of development will
be one where you can get by without
either.—Life.

Perfectly Reasonable.

The picture show had started and
seven-year-old Ruth sat watching in-
tently when she heard a man behind
her exclaim pettishly:
"I can't see a thing, madam."
"Mother," demanded Ruth, "why
does he come here, if he can't see?"
—Photoplay Magazine.

Disappointed.

"So you advise me not to sue?" said
the client.
"I do," said the lawyer.
"Well," returned the disappointed
client, "it seems strange that when a
man pays for advice he can't get the
kind he wants."

Limited to One.

Friend—Woman, as some one has
said, is a creature of moods. Henry
Peck—My wife ain't. She's always in
the imperative.—Boston Transcript.

No wiser than other people if you
can, but do not tell them so.—Chester-
field.

Prodigy.

"That youngster of yours is pretty
bright, eh?"
"Reads Henry James at sight," an-
swered the Boston man.—Kansas City
Times.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

BOTH WERE SCARED.

Hard to Tell Whether the Man or the
Bear Ran the Faster.

A prospector named Whately, who
was collecting specimens near Cooke,
Mont., says the New York Evening
Post, worked too long and decided to
spend the night in the mountains. The
weather was warm and pleasant, and
he stood his rifle against a tree and
lay down to sleep. In the course of
the night he was awakened by the
heavy breathing of a large animal and
an oppressive and very disagreeable
odor. Half conscious of something
standing over him, he lay perfectly
still.

Soon there was a grunting and snif-
fling close by his head, and he under-
stood that he was underneath a grizzly
bear! A cold sweat came over him,
and he was paralyzed with fright.

Whately's rifle was out of reach. He
had no knife, and he feared that the
grizzly might attack him at any mo-
ment. Acting on a sudden impulse, he
doubled up his knees and with all his
strength plunged both his fists and
feet simultaneously against the stom-
ach of the beast.

It was a complete surprise for the
grizzly, which was even more fright-
ened than the man. It ran squealing
and bellowing into the timber, while
Whately, whose knees were knocking
together with fright, gathered up his
goods and struck out for Cooke City in
the dark. He did not dare to pause un-
til he was safe in the settlement.

RILEY AS A LION.

It Needed Plotting to Get the Post to
Attend Gatherings.

It was a mark of our highest consid-
eration to produce Riley at entertain-
ments given in honor of distinguished
visitors, writes Meredith Nicholson in
the Atlantic Monthly, but this was not
always to be effected without consid-
erable plotting. (I have heard that in
Atlanta "Uncle Remus" was even a
greater problem to his fellow citizens.)
Riley's innate modesty, always to be
reckoned with, was likely to smother
his companionableness in the presence
of ultra literary personages.

His respect for scholarship, for liter-
ary sophistication, made him reluctant
to meet those who, he imagined,
breathed an ether to which he was un-
accustomed. At a small dinner in honor
of Henry James he maintained a
strict silence until one of the other
guests, in an effort to "draw out" the
novelist, mentioned Thomas Hardy
and the felicity of his titles, instancing
"Under the Greenwood Tree" and "A
Pair of Blue Eyes."

Riley, for the first time addressing
the table, remarked quietly of the se-
cond of these, "It's an odd thing about
eyes, that they usually come in sets!"
a comment which did not, as I remem-
ber, strike Mr. James as being funny.

Strength of a Czar.

A story is told which illustrates the
phenomenal physical strength of the
old czar. At a little station not far
from the capital the imperial train
was delayed for quite a time, and the
czar, being hungry, partook of some of
the simple food of the buffet. Mean-
while the little daughter of the mayor
presented the empress with a bouquet,
the flowers of which were hastily gather-
ed from private hothouses in the
neighborhood. The stalks being still
damp and earthy, the empress visibly
hesitated to take the bouquet in her
nearly gloved hand. The czar coolly
took up one of the heavy pewter plates
on the table, and twisting it as if it
were paper, made a neat covering for
the stalks. There is nothing incredible
in the story, since the czar had been
known to bend a kitchen poker as an
ordinary man would a strip of tin.

Hoaxed the Naturalist.

One of the most remarkable books
ever published is the "Lithographia
Wirceburgensis," written by a Wur-
zburg naturalist named Behringer in
1720. Probably very few copies are in
existence, as the author destroyed all
that he could get possession of soon
after the book appeared. He had been
victimized by some practical jokers,
who had made a great variety of arti-
ficial "fossils" and hidden them in a
quarry, to which they then enticed the
professor. Behringer was overjoyed
by so rich a find and had no suspicion
of the trick, although many of the fos-
sils were of a very grotesque charac-
ter. He took his treasures home, made
elaborate drawings of them and wrote
a minute description of each, as well
as an exhaustive commentary filled
with ingenious and plausible theories.
When he had published the book the
jokers confessed, and then, of course,
the professor did his utmost to sup-
press the work.

Mortified.

"I never was so mortified in my
life."
"What's the matter now?"
"You know that little gown I bought
for \$10.50 that looked as though it
must have cost four times that and
was so becoming to me? I never
dreamed any one would guess its price
or where I bought it."
"Well, did any one?"
"Yes. I wore it for the first time
last night at a dinner dance, and there
were sixteen other women there
with gowns exactly like it."—Detroit
Free Press.

Douglas Jerrold in School.

Douglas Jerrold wrote "Black Eyed
Susan" when he was twenty-one and
contributed to Punch the immensely
popular "Candle Lectures" not long af-
terward. But at nine years of age young
Jerrold had been severely able to read,
and it was not until he was apprenticed
to a printer after serving for some time
as a midshipman at sea that he showed
either desire or capacity for intellectual
improvement.

Clock Watchers.

Said a Boston business man the other
day, "If there is one thing I hate more
than another it is to see one of my em-
ployees watching the clock."
"Yes, sir," said the young man who
had been called on the carpet. "I'll
call the timekeeper's attention to what
you said, sir."—Chicago Herald.

BUY HIGH CLASS BONDS.

The Safety First Idea in the Invest-
ment of Money.

The bond buyer never fails. The
speculator often does. The reason is
that the bond buyer is an investor
and the speculator a gambler. This is
not to say that money is not made in
speculation, for the records prove to
the contrary.

No country in the world offers bet-
ter or safer opportunities for invest-
ment in well secured, first class negoti-
able bonds—always commanding a
ready market—than the United States.

Bond sales aggregating vast amounts
occur daily on the Stock Exchange in
railway, industrial and public utility
obligations of the highest class. Lead-
ing bankers and financial institutions
are daily dealing in bonds equally
high class and gilt edged that are not
based on the exchange. These include
farm mortgages, public utilities, in-
dustrial and railroad obligations.

The great life insurance companies
and savings banks and trustees of
estates are all heavy purchasers of
securities of this character, for they
are not permitted to engage in specu-
lation and are in most instances limit-
ed very strictly to investments of the
safest type.

The enormous transactions in these
securities have given to bankers and
brokers of the highest rank an estab-
lished business and a large clientele,
and it is to the interest of dealers in
such securities to sell no other bonds
than those which are dependable.

Bonds of this character in most in-
stances give a better yield than can be
had from the savings banks with
equal stability. And when these se-
curities are recommended to the in-
vestor by banks and bankers of un-
questioned integrity nothing better can
be found for the person who seeks
safety first.—Leslie's Weekly.

DIRT KILLS OYSTERS.

These Bivalves Are the Cleanest of All
Our Sea Foods.

The following facts about oysters are
given by a member of a family that
has been connected with the oyster
trade for 300 years:

The average oyster before suitable
for consumption is between three and
four years of age. They are undoubt-
edly the cleanest as well as the most
nutritious of fish, for it is a fact that if
anything in the way of dirt gets into
the shell of any oyster it immediately
dies.

The embryo oyster when it is about
twelve months old is planted in the
most suitable waters. The young oys-
ters are taken out in flat bottomed
boats, shoveled overboard in likely
spots and allowed to remain there till
they are sizable and ready for catch-
ing. This is done by means of dredges,
which go over the oyster beds with a
large rake arrangement dragging from
ropes on the bottom of the sea, the
oysters being thus forced from the bed
into the large nets fastened to the in-
side of the rake.

The breeding powers of oysters are
simply amazing, and it has been com-
puted that 1,000 full grown parents
produce 440,000,000 embryos in the
course of a year. But of these it is es-
timated that only 421 individuals reach
maturity, for the mortality is enor-
mous, millions being washed away and
devoured by hungry fishes.—Buffalo
Times.

Dutchess County.

Dutchess county in New York was
named for the Duchess of York when
the colonial assembly in 1683 divided
the province into twelve counties and
shires. There was also a Duke coun-
ty, named in honor of the Duke of
York, but that name has since disap-
peared. There has been a good deal
of discussion as to the presence of
the "t" in the word, and it has been
suggested that it has been retained
because of some association with the
Dutch settlers. But it should be re-
membered that the English word
"duchess" was spelled with a "t" and
a final "e" until the publication of Dr.
Johnson's dictionary, in 1755, stand-
ardized its present spelling.—New York
Times.

Smart Sayings.

Lord Palmerston's reply to the illit-
erate member who asked him, "Are there
two hens in 'Oulton'?" is a specimen
of his rather bolsterous bluff. "No. Only
one. That's why heges are so scarce
there."

Mr. Disraeli's comment upon a por-
trait of himself, "Is it not hideous—
and so like?" exhibited a discernment
not common with unflattered artists.
—"Twenty Years in Parliament."

Between Girls.

"She sits out on the front porch a
good deal, but she always has her nose
in a book."

"She knows her lit. In addition to
getting a reputation for being literary,
she shows off to better advantage that
way. Her hair is her good feature, not
her nose."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Jerusalem Artichokes.

Jerusalem artichokes have no con-
nection either with Jerusalem or artich-
okes, but are a kind of sunflower.
The name "Jerusalem" is a corruption
of the Italian "grissolo," derived from
a fancy that the flowers keep turning
to the sun.—London Chronicle.

What Did She Mean?

Saleswoman (to purchaser of widow's
bonnet)—Would you like to try it on
before the glass, madam? Customer—
No, thank you, miss. It ain't for me.
I wish it was.—Stray Stories.

When the ship is sunk every one
knows how she might have been
saved.

Advice.

"Pa, what is fame?"
"Fame, my boy, is the result of do-
ing your work a little better than any-
one else can do it. Try to deserve it."
—Detroit Free Press.

Nothing Shows the Value of Blessings

as a person who has lost them.

THE BIRD WAS THERE.

A Surprise For the Man Who Invested
in the News "Fakes."

Some years ago strange, weird sto-
ries used to float into Washington from
Kitty Hawk, N. C., describing a great
bird, seen only at night, hovering over
the sand dunes and brushwood of the
locality.

It was so preposterous that Kitty
Hawk was soon eliminated as a news
source in every metropolitan news-
paper office. Washington would not ac-
cept such stories under any circum-
stances. The boys on Newspaper row
were too experienced to be caught by
North Carolina fakers.

Kitty Hawk was wiped off the news
map.

And yet the reports of the "great
bird seen only after nightfall" were
absolutely true. After some of us had
exhausted our fund of oriental lore
about the roc—that gigantic bird that
was of such use to anxious Schaher-
zade of the "Thousand and One
Nights" in rescuing Shahad and other
unlucky travelers from danger—and
others had gone so far as to suggest a
return of the fabled dodo in stupendous
proportions, it was finally suggested
that somebody go to Kitty Hawk and
expose the faker.

"Not on your life!" said I. "There
are as many fakes right here in Wash-
ington every twenty-four hours as I
care to expose."

The one man who finally went with
deep reluctance fathomed the mystery
and literally "discovered" that two
young Ohio boys, the Wright brothers
of Dayton, had solved the "impossible"
problem of aerial flight.—Julius Cham-
bers, in the Brooklyn Eagle.

MUSIC AND MUSCLE.

Energy Expended in Playing a Bach
Aria on the Cello.

A simple air played on the violon-
cello calls for a total expenditure of
energy equal to two and three-quarters
pound per note or more than four tons
of energy for the single selection, notes
the Popular Science Monthly. This
statement is vouched for by Professor
Hofenberger of Columbia university,
who made some experiments in his
laboratory with the aid of the famous
Dutch cellist, Michael Penha.

A special apparatus is necessary to
conduct the tests. Against the surface
of a revolving carbon cylinder is sus-
pended a chalked point which is actu-
ated by a slender wire attached to the
musician's finger. At each pressure
the tension vibrates along the commu-
nicating connection and records the en-
ergy expended.

At one test Michael Penha at times
raised the point to a distance equaling
three pounds in weight, that being the
record of the forefinger. The pressure
alone required to produce the charac-
teristically luscious tones of a simple
Bach aria averaged two and three-
quarters pounds per note. The total
energy expended amounted to 841
pounds, or more than four tons.

This same amount of energy would
be sufficient to carry a laborer through
his entire day's work. Yet it took but
five minutes for the artist to exert the
same amount of force.

Snake's Method of Attack.

No snake is able to jump or spring
from a coil in order to strike, as often
represented in pictures. It can only
strike when it resembles the letter S
and is lying flat on the ground. It can
then only reach the distance supplied
by stretching the body out straight.
The two curves in the letter S supply
this distance, which is about half the
length of the body. No snake jumps
through the air to its victim or springs
clear from the ground, rising upon its
tail. Such stories and pictures are all
false. Neither do they coil like a rope
and strike from that position. They
may coil partially, but the part of the
body that does the striking is ever and
only that part which makes the letter
S and lies flat on the ground; hence no
serpent can strike when stretched out
its full length.

Some Letters.

An ingenious person has discovered

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Send all queries as brief as possible with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and the signature.

Direct all communications to
Miss E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Society,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1916.

NOTES.

CARR. Manuscript book No. 191 in possession of the Newport Historical Society.—E. M. T.

COURT RECORDS

Rhode Island, Ss. To the honored General Court of Trials to be held at Newport within and for his Majesty's Colony of Rhode Island &c., on the Last Tuesday of March, 1725.

The Declaration and Complaint of James Honeyman Junr., an Infant and F— in Tail General to His Grandfather Robert Carr. Late of Newport in the Colony aforesaid Merchant. Deceased by James Honeyman of sd. Newport Clerk his Father and Guardian.

George Dunbar of Newport aforesaid Shop—in the Custody of the Sheriff in an Act of Treason and Ejectment for illegally— to and unjustly withholding from— the Possession of one certain Wharfe and Warehouse built on part of said Wha— Lying and Being in Newport aforesaid— Wharfe and Warehouse being bounded as—

loweth: Vizt. Northerly partly on a house—yard and Warehouse in the possession of John Harris partly on a Warehouse in ye P— sion of the Defendant partly on a warehouse in the Possession of Job Townsend partly

House in the Possession of John Studley— on a House in the Possession of J— Partly on a house in the Possession of Wm. Cook partly on a Wharfe belonging to Robert Gardner and partly on the Salt water, Southerly partly on a Stable, Wharfe and Warehouse belonging to William Dyre and partly on a house wharfe and warehouse belonging to John Dickinson and partly on the Salt water westerly on the Salt water or Harbour of said Newport Easterly partly on a paved way that Leads down from the Main Street to the sd. wharfe and partly on Land in the possession of John Freebody of which aforesaid wharfe and Premises Robert Carr Senr. of Newport aforesaid Great Grandfather to the Plaintiff was in his Life Time seised as of an Estate in Fee Simple And being thereof so seised Died having Before—made his Last Will and Testament in writing— ate ye Twentieth Day of April 1681 proved and approved according to Law in Court ready to be produced and therein and Thereby

Devised the Same in manner & Words following Vizt. I give my Son Robert Carr and to the Heirs of his Body Lawfully begotten my Dwelling Houses & Wharfe from— Corner post yt Leads into ye Well Yard upon a straight Line to the Sea only— village of the Highway between the Heus—and the Well Yard to be common up to James Brown's House and the Wharfe to be free for my Sons and Daughters for any goods they Shall bring on or off the said Wharfe and to Have all the Land upon the Straight Line from that Post adjoining to the House and Pasture except what is given to my Son in Law James Brown and the Privilege of ye Well and a Way to it and pay to his Mother seven pounds in money yearly during her natural Life By Virtue of which Devise and Bequest afo— Robert Carr Grandfather of the Pet. Thereof became seised and possessed as of an Estate—Tail general to Him and the Heirs of H— Body Lawfully begotten and being thereof so seised and possessed in the year of our Lord 1703 died Leaving behind him only one son named Robert Carr the Plaintiff's uncle and one Daughter named Abigail Carr the Plaintiff's Mother who Died the Eighteenth Day of March Anno Domini 1709-10 Leaving the Pet. her only Son and the Plaintiff saith that upon the Death of the aforesaid Robert Carr the— Grandfather the said Robert Carr the— Became of the Premises seised and possessed as of an Estate Tail General to him and ye Heirs of his Body Lawfully Begotten and being thereof so seised and possessed afterwards vizt. The Twentieth Day of September Anno Domini 171— Died without Issue whereupon the Right to ye aforesaid Wharfe and Premises by virtue of according to the Form of the Devise aforesaid in the Will of the aforesaid Robert Carr Great Grandfather of the Plaintiff descended to Him the sd. James Honeyman Junr. Who thereupon Good Right hath to Enter into possession and enjoy the said Wharfe and Warehouse as an E— in Tail General to Him and the Heirs of his Body Lawfully to be begotten yet Nevertheless the Defendant although often requested the Possession of the sd. Wharfe and Warehouse to ye Pet. hath not yet Delivered but the Same to Him to Deliver hath hitherto denied and Doth still deny and the Same doth withhold from him to ye Damage of the sd. James Honeyman Junr. Two thousand pounds Current money of New England as said in the Pet. Writ Dated the fifth Da of February in ye Eleventh year of his Majts Reign Anno Domini 1724 and thereupon brings his Suit &c.

Nathaniel Newdigate
Att. Pet.

(To be continued.)

Queries

8761. DENNIS.—Information desired of Thomas Dennis of Rhode Island who served in the Revolution. I would like to learn his ancestry.—E. C.

8765. BOONE.—Will someone give me the names of Daniel Boone's brothers and sisters, and to whom they were married? Also give me the same information regarding Daniel Boone's children?—B. O.

8766. EDMONDS.—Thomas Edmonds was a Captain in the Revolution. When

and where was he born, and who were his descendants?—I. S.

8767. WEEDON (Weeden).—Thomas Weeden or Weedon came from Exeter or North Kingstown, R. I., where he was b. in 1730, to Hartland, Vt., where he b. Jan. 11, 1824. He m. Molly —, b. 1733, Nov. 25, 1815. They were the parents of Samuel Weedon whom Lucy Warren. Both father and son are said to have served in the Revolution, the father as ensign, the son as private. Official proof desired. I would like to learn, also, the ancestry of Thomas Weeden and Molly —, his wife.—J. A.

ANSWERS.

8759. BARBER, BARNEY.—Thos. Barber, V. Exeter, R. I. June 5, 1731, d. Apr. 19, 1768, m. by Rev. Nicholas Exeter, Oct. 22, 1764, at Newport, R. I. Mary Barney. Both buried on the old Farm. Thos. was the son of Thomas Barber b. 1699, Oct. 19, South Kingstown, R. I. & Avis Tanner, of Wm. & Hannah Tibbits Tanner, chd. 8. Not having access to my Barney notes, I can only quote from memory. I think Mary Barney was the daug. of Israel (3). I am a direct descendant of the above union.—B. J. P.

Land for Fortifications.

Seventeen acres of land on Prospect Hill, at the southern end of Conanicut Island, have been purchased by the War Department, and it is understood the property will be used for a new military station in the scheme for the defence of Narragansett Bay.

Although the plans have not yet been made public, it is believed that Prospect Hill will be used for a fire control station to direct the work of the batteries in Fort Wetherill, Fort Adams and Fort Greble. This step, it is said, is only the first in the extension of the defences of this part of the coast.

CITY OF NEWPORT.

An Ordinance in Amendment of Chapter 61 of the Revised Ordinances of the City of Newport Entitled "Henderson Home."

It is ordained by the Representative Council of the City of Newport, as follows:

Section 1. Sec. 6 of said Chapter 61 is hereby amended by striking out the words "and three days of the date of its application" in the fifth line.

Sec. 2. This Ordinance shall take effect upon its passage.

(Passed Nov. 21, 1916.)
A true copy: Attest:
F. S. FULL, CLERK.
City Clerk.

No. 102
REPORT

OF THE CONDITION OF THE NEWPORT NATIONAL BANK, at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business on November 17, 1915.

RESOURCES DOLLARS

Loans and discounts 280,217 71
Total loans 280,217 71
Overdrafts secured and unsecured 80 30
U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation 110,000 00

Total U. S. Bonds 110,000 00
Total bonds, securities etc. 82,215 75
Stocks other than Federal Reserve Bank Stock 2,400 00
Stock of Federal Reserve Bank (50 per cent. of subscription) 5,100 00
Value of banking house (if unencumbered) 14,000 00
Equity in banking house 11,000 00
Net amount due from ap-
proPRIATE RESERVE BANK
in New York, Chicago
and St. Louis 32,156 57
Net amount due from ap-
propriate reserve agents
in other reserve cities 28,567 21
Exchanges for clearing house
Federal Reserve notes 211 16
Notes of other National Banks 150 00
Federal Reserve notes
Lawful reserve in vault and with
Federal Reserve Bank
Redemption fund with U. S. Treas-
urer and due from U. S. Treas-
urer 5,000 00

Total 661,180 03

Capital stock paid in 120,000 00
Surplus fund 50,000 00
Undivided profits 15,778 30
Less current expenses, interest and taxes paid 4,462 28
Circulating notes outstanding 157,900 00
Dividends unpaid 223 20
Dividend deposits sub-
ject to check 208,724 71
Certificates of deposits
due in less than 90
days 15,807 96
Cashier's checks outstanding 1,124 12
Total demand deposits Items
33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39,
and 40 326,234 51

Total 661,180 03

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss: I, Henry C. Stevens, Jr., Cashier of the above named bank do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

H. C. STEVENS, JR., Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of November, 1916.

Correct—Attest:
GEORGE W. SHERMAN,
WILLIAM E. DENNIS, JR.,
WILLIAM A. SHEFFIELD, Jr.,
Directors.

Notary Public.

FALL RIVER LINE.

for
New York

STEAMERS

PRISCILLA AND PROVIDENCE

Leave Long wharf, Newport, 9.25 p.m., daily, due New York 7.00 a. m. Meal service, a la carte, Orchestra on each steamer.

Wickford Line

STEAMER GENERAL

Week Days.

Le. Due Le. Due
Newport, New York, New York, New York
(10.00 a. m.) (10.00 a. m.) (10.00 a. m.) (10.00 a. m.)
(1.00 p. m.) (1.00 p. m.) (1.00 p. m.) (1.00 p. m.)
(4.00 p. m.) (4.00 p. m.) (4.00 p. m.) (4.00 p. m.)
(7.00 p. m.) (7.00 p. m.) (7.00 p. m.) (7.00 p. m.)

For tickets, etc., at City Ticket Office, 16 Franklin St., and at Wharf Office.

C. W. HARRISON Agent, Newport, R. I.

New England Steamship Co.

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NOTICE.

Mrs. Guy Norinan, 86 Washington street, will gladly take charge of, and deliver, any articles for the baby table at the Allied Bazaar to be held at the Mechanic's Building, Boston, on December 9th. All articles to be delivered by December 6th, and marked with donor's name and address.

11-25-2w
GUARDIAN'S NOTICE.

Newport, December 2, 1916.
THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that she has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Guardian of the person and estate of
MARY SULLIVAN,
otherwise known as Miami Sullivan, of full age, of said Newport, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

12-25w
BRIDGET M. SULLIVAN.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Newport, December 2, 1916.
THE UNDERSIGNED, Executor of the last will and testament of

MICHAEL DONOVAN,
late of the City of Newport, deceased, which will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, hereby gives notice that he has accepted said trust and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

12-25w
JOHN J. DONOVAN.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., November 6th, 1916.
Estate of Fannie E. Rose.

EDWARD S. PAYNE, Administrator of the estate of Fannie E. Rose, of said New Shoreham, deceased, presents his first and final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, which account contains a credit of the sale of real estate and the time is received and referred to the fourth day of December, 1915, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in and New Shoreham, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD S. PAYNE,
Clerk.

Town of New Shoreham.

Collector's Sale

Estates for Taxes Due and Unpaid.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Collector of Taxes for the Town of New Shoreham for the years 1913, 1914 and 1915 hereby gives notice that he will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, in the Town Hall in said Town of New Shoreham on the 16th day of December, A. D. 1916, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, the following described parcels of real estate (for the levy upon which notice is hereby given) or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the taxes assessed thereon for the years 1913, 1914 and 1915.

The sum set opposite the description of the several estates show the amount due thereon respectively for the tax for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be sold, but not including the costs thereon, and the costs and charges incident to this sale.

For a more complete and particular description of said estates reference is hereby made and had to the records on file in the Town Clerk's Office of the said Town of New Shoreham.

All the estates mentioned below are sold subject to lien for unpaid taxes for the year 1916.

Terms of sale cash.

A parcel of land taxed to Philip A. Mott, Jr. Amount due \$100.00, for the years 1913, 1914, 1915.

A parcel of land taxed to Evelyn and Robert Hall. Amount due \$150.00, for the years 1913, 1914, 1915.

A parcel of land taxed to Edgar H. and Ruth White. Amount due \$50.00, for the years 1913, 1914, 1915.

A parcel of land taxed to George P. Allen and wife. Amount due \$25.00, for the years 1913, 1914, 1915.

A parcel of land taxed to Charles and Ella Gilbert. Amount due \$8.00, for the years 1913, 1914, 1915.

A parcel of land taxed to Frank and Ida Latham. Amount due \$45.00, for the years 1913, 1914, 1915.

OLIVER C. ROSE,
Collector of Taxes
1913, 1914, 1915.

Town of New Shoreham.

Collector's Sale

Estates for Taxes Due and Unpaid.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Collector of Taxes for the Town of New Shoreham for the years 1910, 1911 and 1912, hereby gives notice that he will sell at public auction to the highest bidder in the Town Hall in said Town of New Shoreham on the 16th day of December, A. D. 1916, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, the following described parcels of real estate (for the levy upon which notice is hereby given) or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the taxes assessed thereon for the years 1910, 1911 and 1912.

The sum set opposite the description of the several estates show the amount due thereon respectively for the tax for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be sold, but not including costs thereon, and the costs and charges incident to this sale.

For a more complete and particular description of said estates, reference is hereby made and had to the records on file in the Town Clerk's Office of the said Town of New Shoreham.

All the estates mentioned below are sold subject to liens for unpaid taxes for the years 1910, 1911, 1912 and 1913.

Terms of sale cash.

A parcel of land taxed to Philip A. Mott, Jr. Amount due \$30.00, for the year 1911.

A parcel of land taxed to Frank and Ida Latham. Amount due \$25.00, for the years 1911, 1912.

ALMANZA J. ROSE,
Collector of Taxes
for 1910, 1911 and 1912.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by Bridget Savage of the City and County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island to James Morgan, of said Newport, dated the twenty-fifth day of April, A. D. 1888, and recorded in Volume 17 of the Mortgages Land Evidence of Newport at pages 352 and 353, and assigned by said James Morgan to Patrick H. Morgan, of said Newport, by deed of assignment, dated the eighteenth day of February, A. D. 1888, and recorded in Vol. 23 of the Mortgages Land Evidence at page 178, and assigned by said Patrick H. Morgan to the Island Savings Bank of said Newport, by deed of assignment, dated the seventeenth day of April, A. D. 1888, and recorded in Vol. 23 of the Mortgages Land Evidence at page 178, and assigned by said Island Savings Bank to said Patrick H. Morgan, by deed of assignment, dated the first day of October, A. D. 1915, and recorded in Vol. 23 of the Mortgages Land Evidence at page 178, and assigned by said Patrick H. Morgan to the Island Savings Bank of said Newport, by deed of assignment, dated the seventeenth day of April, A. D. 1888, and recorded in Vol. 23 of the Mortgages Land Evidence at page 178, and assigned by said Island Savings Bank to said Patrick H. Morgan, by deed of assignment, dated the first day of October, A. D. 1915, and recorded in Vol. 23 of the Mortgages Land Evidence at page 178, and assigned by said Patrick H. Morgan to the Island Savings Bank of said Newport, by deed of assignment, dated the seventeenth day of April, A. D. 1888, and recorded in Vol. 23 of the Mortgages Land Evidence at page 178, and assigned by said Island Savings Bank to said Patrick H. Morgan, by deed of assignment, dated the first day of October, A. D. 1915, and recorded in Vol. 23 of the Mortgages Land Evidence at page 178, and assigned by said Patrick H. Morgan to the Island Savings Bank of said Newport, by deed of assignment, dated the seventeenth day of April, A. 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